







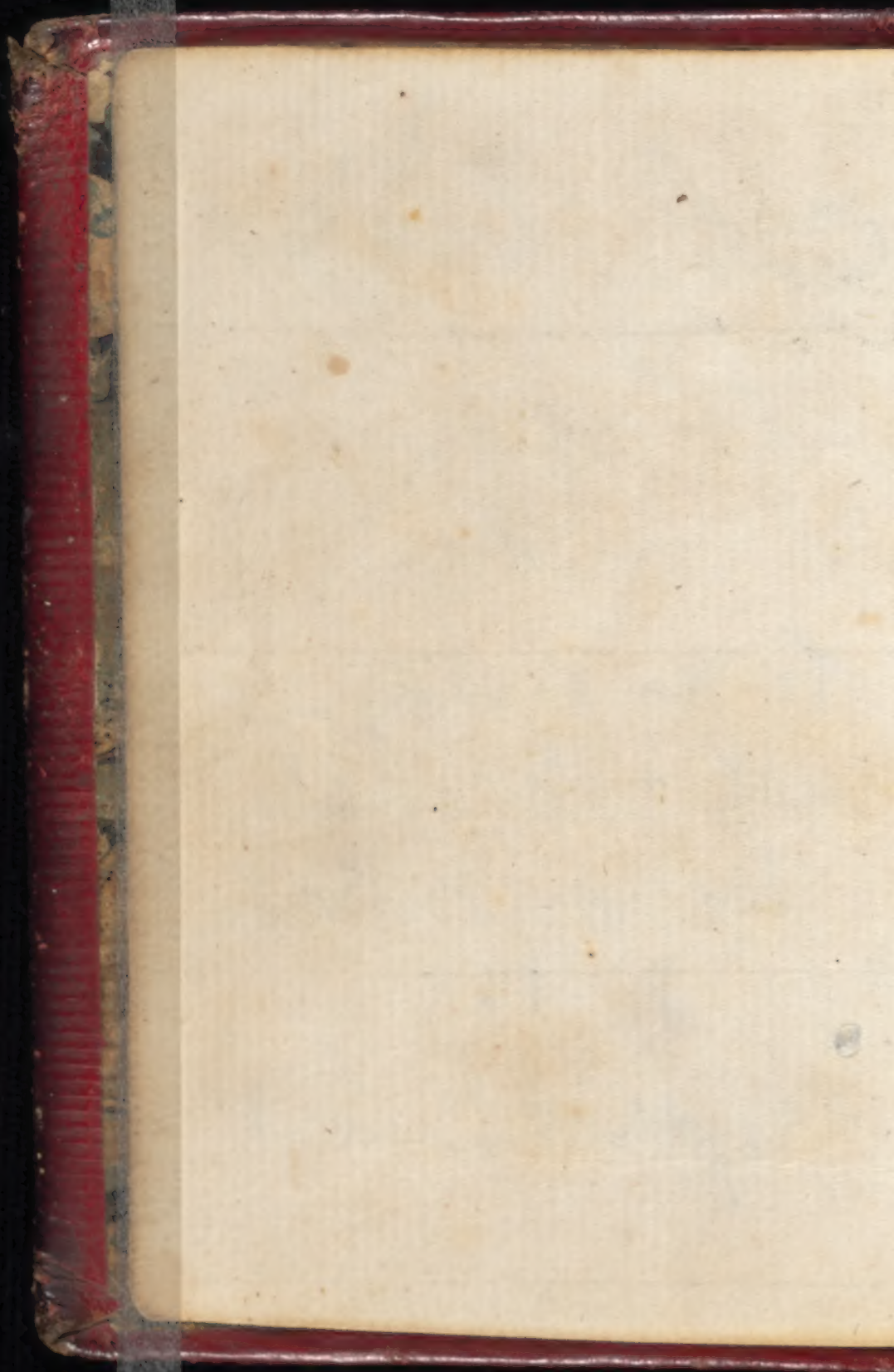


S. Riggs

FR

To Mr. Getty—
with best wishes
Happy Birthday
Dec. 15, 1968

Elizabeth Bront



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, including the word "1898" and "Aug".

Lecture R. H. J.

July 31st

1830

DR. WATTS'
Three IMITATION
OF THE 365 1/4
PSALMS OF DAVID,
SUITED TO THE
CHRISTIAN WORSHIP
IN THE
UNITED STATES.

And allowed by the Synod of New-York
and Philadelphia, to be used in
all the churches.

*All Things written in the Law of Moses,
and the Prophets, and the Psalms, con-
cerning Me, must be fulfilled.*

NEW-YORK:

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1803.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
IN METRE.

PSALM 1, c. m.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's feat:
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!

PSALM I.

- Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right-hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread ;
His heart approves it well :
But crooked ways of finners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I, s. m.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find :

PSALM I.

5

Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before the judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right-hand
In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners, and their works, shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I, L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crost;
As chaff before the tempest flies,

So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place.

6 ' Straight is the way my saints have trod
' I blest the path, and drew it plain :
' But you would choose the crooked road,
' And down it leads to endless pain.'

PSALM 2, s. m. *Acts* 4, 24, &c.

1 [M^AKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word.
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfil'd;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thy holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counselsto destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;

PSALM II.

7

Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

PAUSE.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;

Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2, c. m.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 ' I call him my eternal son,
' And raise him from the dead:
' I make my holy hill his throne,
' And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 ' Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy,
' The utmost heathen lands:
' Thy rod of iron shall destroy
' The rebel that withstands.'
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne:
For if he frown, ye die:

PSALM II.

Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2, L. M.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage,
The Romans why their swords employ,
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?
- 2 'Come, let us break his bands,' they say,
'This man shall never give us laws;'
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd their Monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 'I will maintain the king I made,
'On Zion's everlasting hill;
'My hand shall bring him from the dead,
'And he shall stand your sov'reign still.'
- 5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
'This day have I begot my Son:
- 6 'Ascend, my Son, to my right-hand,
'There thou shalt ask and I bestow

‘ The utmost bounds of Heathen land;
 ‘ To thee the northern isles shall bow.]

- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
 His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
 As potter’s earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now, ye who sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb:
 Now at his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell:
 He is a God and ye but dust;
 Happy the souls that know him well,
 And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase?
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There’s no relief in heav’n,

PSALM III.

111

And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread :
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes ;
I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing :
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 3, 1—5, 8. L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose:
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4, 1—3, 5—7. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

PSALM IV.

13

- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
'Who will bestow some earthly good?'
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favors so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn and all their wine.

PSALM 4, 3—5, 8. G. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice :
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his faints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

PSALM VI.

15

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.
7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.
8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

PSALM 6, c. m.

1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm:
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.
2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
 I waste the night with cries;
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more?
 My eyes consum'd with grief?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thine hand affords relief?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
 He pities all our groans;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
 Restores our fainting breath;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise.
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal.

PSALM VII.

17

- 3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly friend;
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear;
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.

B

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay my honor low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
(I know thy piercing eyes)
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,
Their pride and power controul:
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

PSALM VIII.

19

- 9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8, s. m.

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms;
Lord, what is man! that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honors crown his head,
Whilst beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
 And wond'rous are thy ways!
 Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
 A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouths of babes
 And sucklings thou canst draw,
 Surprising honors to thy name,
 And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
 Thy name is all divine:
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

PSALM 8, c. m.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name!
 The glories of thy heav'nly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I beheld thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so?

PSALM VIII.

21

- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And man would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his pow'r.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
And tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleshly cloud:
Now we behold him on his throne,
And Men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death:
And be his honors founded high
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thy exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8, *ver. 1, 2, paraphrased.*

Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young,
A monument of honor raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assist their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemers' rage,
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see the great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8, *ver. 3, &c. paraphrased.*

Part 2, L. M. \

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust!

PSALM IX.

23

That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angels place;

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin:
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9, Part 1, c. m.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou, sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace:
My God prepares his throne,

- To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,
For all the poor oppress:
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace,
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9, ver. 12, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;

And finners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known!
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Tho' faints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be long forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And men prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10, C. M.

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far
And why conceal his face,

When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more:

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
'The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
'To fight on Zion's side?'

6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And pow'rful is thine hand!
As when the Heathen felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ears to hear:

PSALM XI.

27

He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM II, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
'Fly, like a tim'rous trembling dove,
'To distant woods or mountains fly?'
- 2 If government be all destroy'd
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heav'n hath fix'd his throne;
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits thro'.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear;
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death;

Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbors meet
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 'Yet shall our words be free,' they cry;
'Our tongues shall be controul'd by none;
'Where is the Lord will ask us why,
'Or say, our lips are not our own?'
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,

Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear:
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm:
Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12, c. m.

1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part:
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
'Are not our lips our own,' they cry,
'And who shall be our lord?'

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
Where a vile race of men

Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
'And make oppressors flee:
'I shall appear to their surprise,
'And set my servants free.'

8 Thy word like silver sev'n times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure:
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM 13, L. M.

1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

PSALM XIII.

31

- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd,
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold'st thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away?

- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darknes tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep:
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes are hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

PSALM XIV.

33

PSALM 14, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say
 ‘ That all religion’s vain ;
 ‘ There is no God that reigns on high,
 ‘ Or minds th’ affairs of men.’
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne
 Look’d down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray ;
 Their practice all the same ;
 There’s none that fears his Maker’s hand ;
 There’s none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit ;
 Their slanders never cease :
 How swift to mischief are their feet !
 Nor know the paths of peace !
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev’ry heart are found ;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 ’Till grace refine the ground.

C

PSALM 14, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?
- 2 Great God appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust,
Great God confound their pride!
- 4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our song shall never cease.

PSALM 15, L. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;

PSALM XVI

35

That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy finner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor :
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM 15, L. M.

1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean :
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :

Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honor'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16, Part I, L. M.

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest,
How empty and how poor I am;

PSALM XVI.

37

My praise can never make thee blest,
And add new glories to thy name.

- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine :
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god !
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right :
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd,

To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16, Part 3, L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM 16, 1—8, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe;
In thee my trust I place;
Tho' all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

PSALM XVI.

39

- 2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.
- 3 Let Heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood and stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve,
To his all-seeing eye;
Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16, Part 2, c m.

- 1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart, my tongue, their joy express;
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

- 2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where souls departed are ;
 " Nor quit my body to the grave,
 " To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 " And raise me to thy throne ;
 " Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " Thy presence joys unknown."
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
 The holy David sung ;
And Providence fulfills the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain ;
Behold, the tomb its prey restores ;
 Behold, he lives again !
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hill ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. 13, &c. s. m.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastising rod,
 To drive thy saints to thee.

- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show,
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chain with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18, 1—6, 15—18. Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **T**HREE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
 My rock, my tower, my high defence,
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
 While floods of high temptation rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.

- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there ;
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd 'my God,'
When I could scarce believe him mine ;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wings he rode :
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath ;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, & more their rage :
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour ;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18, 20—26, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways
I've walk'd upright before thy face,
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What fore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?
- 5 [With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they:
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII.

45

PSALM 18. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

Part 3, L. M.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word
Great rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield :
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my rock !)
The God of my salvation lives ;
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed,
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit nor an end.

* PSALM 18, Part 1, C. M.

- 1 WE love the Lord, and we adore :
Now is thine arm reveal'd :

- Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark, and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear,
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd:
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strike all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill:
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 He arms our captains to the fight,
(Tho' there his name's forgot:)
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.

PSALM XVIII.

47

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,
For his own church's sake:
The pow'rs that gave his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day:
Thy terrors, Lord confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or turn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God
- 5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

- 6 On kings that reign as David did
He pours his blessings down ;
Secures their honour to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM 19, Part 1, s. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While day to day, and night to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry different land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word :
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

PSALM XIX.

49

- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19, Part 2, s. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

D

- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given!
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

- 5 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 To guide me lest I stray.
- 6 O! who can ever find
 The errors of his ways?
 Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
 I would not dare transgress.
- 7 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
 • Forgive my secret faults;
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God!

PSALM 19, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

PSALM XIX.

51

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till-through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM 19. *To the tune of 113th Psalm.*

- 1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd
frame,
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine;

- A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 6 From the discov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw :
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM 20, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry !
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary fends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best desires;
His love accepts a sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Isr'el's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI.

55

PSALM 21, C M.

- 1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice;
 And, blest with thy salvation, raise
 To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
 Has spread his glorious name;
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king on God alone
 For timely aid rely;
 His mercy shall support the throne,
 And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
 Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
 That hate his mild command.
- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just, but dreadful doom,
 Shall like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
 And thus exalt thy fame;
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
 But Christ the Son appears at length,
 Fulfills the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
 In the salvation of thy hand!
 Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
 Nor doth the least request withhold:
 Blessings of love prevent him still,
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honor and majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine:
 Blest with the favor of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thy hand shall find out all his foes:
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heart, and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22, 1—16, Part I, c. m.

- 1 **W**HY has my God my soul forlook,
 'Nor will a smile afford?'
 (Thus David once in anger spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)

PSALM XXII.

57

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among the praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
'In vain he trusts in God,' they cry,
'Neglected and forlorn.'

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet, if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly father bruise
The Son he loves so well.
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup:
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22, ver. 20, 21, 27—31.

Part 2, c. m.

- 1 'NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
'O Lord, protect thy Son;
'Nor leave thy darling to engage
'The pow'rs of hell alone.'

PSALM XXII.

59

- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans:
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes,
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record,
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd, in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
 ' He rescu'd others from the grave,
 ' Now let him try himself to save :
- 3 ' This is the man did once pretend,
 ' God was his father and his friend;
 ' If God the blessed lov'd him so,
 ' Why doth he fail to help him now ?
- 4 Barbarous people ! cruel priests !
 How they stood round like savage beasts !
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their pow'r.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garment they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his cry :
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord :
 Now shall my wants be well supply'd ;
 His providence and holy word
 Become my safety and my guide.

- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;

There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in fight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
- 6 There would I find a settled rest
(While others go and come),

PSALM XXIII.

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No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child, at home.

PSALM 23, s. m.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;

Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24, c. m.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that hath hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.
- 5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With faints is his delight.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and
He rais'd the building on the seas, [birds,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky :
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God !
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face :
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh !
Who can this King of Glory be ?
The mighty Lord the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way :

E

Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.

- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

PSALM 25, 1—11, Part I, s. m.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell,
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;

PSALM XXV.

67

And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

- 6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25, 12, 14, 10, 13.

Part 2, s. m.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand,
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. 15—22. Part 3, s m.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord,
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woes;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light,
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell!
How cruel is their hate!

Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust,
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait,
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
'He sought the Lord in vain.'

PSALM 26, L. M.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints I will appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temples where thy honors dwell;

There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last,
With men of treachery and blood ;
Since I my days on earth have past,
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27: 1—6. Part I, c. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
O! grant me an abode.
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temple of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still :
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around,

PSALM XXVII, XXIX.

And songs of joy and victory,
Within thy temple found.

PSALM 27. 8, 9, 13, 14. Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
‘Ye children, seek my Grace;’
My heart reply’d, without delay,
‘I’ll seek my father’s face.’
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had dy’d with grief,
Had not my soul believ’d,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv’d.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling faints,
And keep your courage up;
He’ll raise your spirits when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 29, l. m.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow’r:

- Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the desarts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord,
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word,
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 I WILL extol the Lord on high;
At thy command diseases fly:

Who, but a God, can speak and save,
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye faints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days:
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. ver. 6. Part 2, L. M.

1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
'Pleasures and peace shall ne'er depart.'

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
'What canst thou profit by my blood?
'Deep in the dust, can I declare
'Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 'Hear me, O God of grace,' I said,
'And bring me from among the dead:'

- Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth & heav'n,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31. ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.

Part III. C. M.

- 1 **I** INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
 My spirit I commit;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
 To take away my life.
- 3 'My time is in thy hand,' I cry'd,
 'Though I draw near the dust;
 'Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 'The God in whom I trust.'

- 4 O make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine !
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 ['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
 ' I must despair and die,
 ' I am cut off before thine eyes ;
 ' But thou hast heard my cry. ']
- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free !
 How wond'rous is thy grace !
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promises.
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud ;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. ver. 7—13, 18—21.

Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my help, my trust ;
 Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
 My honor from the dust.
- 2 ' My life is spent in grief, ' I cry'd,
 ' My years consume in groans,

‘ My strength decays, mine eyes are dry’d,
 ‘ And sorrow wastes my bones.’

3 Among mine enemies my name,
 Was a mere proverb grown;
 While to my neighbours I became,
 Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear, on ev’ry side,
 Seiz’d and beset me round;
 I to the throne of grace apply’d,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv’rance thou hast wrought,
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain.

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
 Shall thy pavilion hide;
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell;
 No fenced city, wall’d and barr’d,
 Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32, s. M.

1 O BLESSED souls are they,
 Whose sins are cover’d o’er;

Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32, c. m.

1 **H**APPY the man, to whom his God,
No more imputes his sin;
But wash'd in his Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.

2 Happy, beyond expression, he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere:

He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find :
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd :
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay,
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32, Part 4, L. M.

1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord,
Imputes not his iniquities ;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And, not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;
His humble joy, his holy fear,

PSALM XXXII, XXXIV

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With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM 32, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal,
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel,
What agonies of inward smart!

- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy holy spirit seals the grace.

- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul,
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye,
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33, Part 1, C. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;

- Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word,
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow,
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation, where the Lord,
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;

Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of an horse,
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain,
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33. *As the 113th Psalm, Part 1.*

1 YE holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new;

Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heav'nly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
(Those wat'ry treasures know their place)
In the vast store-house of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore,
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts & weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. *As the 113th Psalm.* Part 2.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord,
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!

PSALM XXXIV.

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His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts he knows their ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

- 2 Let kings rely upon their hosts,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely:
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send our salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will blefs thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I fought th' eternal God, and he
Hath not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heav'nly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents,
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him all ye saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word!
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34, ver. 11—22, Part 2, L M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against,
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34, ver. 1—10, Part I, C. M.

- 1 I'LL blefs the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cry'd;
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners! come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove,
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents,
Round where his children dwell,
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor,
With every needful good.]

PSALM 34, ver. 11—12, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word,
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace,
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35, ver. 1—9, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
'I am thy saviour God.'
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit,
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind,
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable,
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few,
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known:
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35, ver. 12—14, Part 2, c. m.

1 **B**EHOLD! the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows:
Hark, how his sounding bowels move,
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart:
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head,
The righteous God returns.

- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace?
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David; Isr'el's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36, ver. 5—9, L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines,
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36, 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. c. m.

1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
‘ Their thoughts believe there’s none.’

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate’er their lips profess,)
‘ God hath no wrath for them to fear,
‘ Nor will they seek his grace.’

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes !
But there’s an hast’ning hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy pow’r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom’d sea.

- 5 Above these heav'ns created round,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
 Where time and nature ends.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast:
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36, ver. 1—7. S. M.

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,
 'He hath no faith of God within,
 'Nor fear before his eyes.'
- 2 [He walks, a while conceal'd,
 In a self-flatt'ring dream,
 Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
 Expose his hateful name.]

PSALM XXXVII.

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- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, his hand, and head,
To practice all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove,
From underneath his wings!

PSALM 37, ver. 1—15, Part I, G. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret,
To see the wicked rise;
Or envy sinners, waxing great,
By violence and lies?

- 2 As flow'ry grafs, cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that's good,
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day.
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.
- PAUSE.
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise;
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

- 8 Let finners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees,
Their day of vengeance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent their murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn,
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM 37, ver. 16, 21, 26—31.

Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The faint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives,
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his feed.

- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men,
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord,
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37, ver. 23—37, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men,
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

PSALM XXXVIII.

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- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
6 And, lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38, c. m.

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love;
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove,
Like an avenger's sword.
2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;

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Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me 't atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak, and broken fore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear;
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear me cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste,
Before thy servant die!]

PSALM 39, ver. 1, 2, 3, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
'Now will I watch my tongue,
'Lest I let slip one sinful word,
'Or do my neighbour wrong.'
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay,
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak,
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take,
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinner hear,
That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39, ver. 4—10, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39, ver. 9—13, Part 3, c. m.

1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
'Remove thy sharp rebukes;'
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were:
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.]

PSALM 40. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry :
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay ;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue,
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40, ver. 6—9, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is vain,
'Give your burnt-off'rings o'er,
'In dying goats and bullocks slain,
'My soul delights no more.'
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, 'Lo I'm here,
'My God, to do thy will;
'Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
'Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 'Thy law is ever in my sight,
'I keep it near my heart;
'Mine ears are open'd with delight,
'To what thy lips impart.'
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies flood.

6 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
 He pity'd sinner's cries,
 And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
 Could wash the conscience clean;
 But the rich sacrifice he paid,
 Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook;
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,
 The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40, ver. 5—10, L. M.

1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought,
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
 But thou hast set before our eyes,
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
 To thy designs he bows his ears;
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.

- 4 'Behold, I come,' (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
'I come to bear the heavy load
'Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
'I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
'And, lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 'I'll magnify thy holy law,
'And rebels to obedience draw,
'When on my cross I'm lifted high,
'Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 'The Spirit shall descend, and show,
'What thou hast done, and what I do;
'The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
'Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

PSALM 41, ver. 1, 2, 3, L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord hath bowels too.

- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM 42. 1—5. Part 1, C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
'And where's your God at last?'
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load ?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God ?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. 6—11. Part 2. L. M.

1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord ;
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day ;
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, ' My God, my heav'nly rock !
' Why doth thy love so long forget
' The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?'

- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low ;
 Why should my soul indulge her grief ?
 Hope in the Lord and praise him too ;
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
 My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 44. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—25. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
 And make thy gospel known :
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng,
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray ;
 And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd, with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n ;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n :

6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand hath bruis'd us fore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound, we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord !
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face ?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries ;
For ever hide thy heav'nly love,
From our afflicted eyes ?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground ;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
 Our Saviour and our God;
 We plead the honors of thy name,
 The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45, S. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known;
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,
 And ride in majesty to spread
 The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
 Or melt their hearts 't obey;
 While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
 Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
 Thy throne shall ever stand;
 And thy victorious gospel prove,
 A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God,
 Hath without measure shed,
 His spirit, like a joyful oil,
 T'anoint thy sacred head.]

PSALM XLV.

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- 6 [Behold, at thy right hand,
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love;
Forget thy father's house;
Forfake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King,
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honors sing,
In palaces of joy.

PSALM 45, c. m.

- 1 I'LL speak the honors of my King;
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race,
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy souls shall fill,
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45, Part I, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour king,
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Drefs thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head,
 And with his sacred Spirit blest
 His first born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45, Part 2, L. M.

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The queen array'd in purest gold ;
 The world admires her heav'nly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own ;
 He calls and seats her near his throne ;
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
 The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
 In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
 Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
 For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

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- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise,
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve,
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulsion shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM 46, Part 2, L M.

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty voice.
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid ;
Behold the works his hand hath wrought !
What desolation he has made !
- 3 From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

- 5 ' Be still, and learn that I am God :
' I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
' I will be known and fear'd abroad,
' But still my throne in Sion stands.'
6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King !
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47, c. m.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2 Jesus our God ascends on high !
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honors sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

- 5 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
 Where Abraham's God is known;
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and
 Submit before his throne. [swords,

PSALM 48, ver. 1—8, Part 1, s. m.

- 1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Sion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright hath his salvation shone
 Through all her palaces!
- 4 When kings against her join'd,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
 • They fled with hasty fear.

- 5 When navies tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our father's told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.
In ev'ry new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM 48, ver. 10—14, Part 2, s. m.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O-Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand,
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:

- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49, ver. 6—14, Part I, c m.

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry rising tide?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

- 4 [Life is a blessing can't be fold,
The ransom is so high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
‘ My house shall ever stand :
‘ And that my name may long abide.
‘ I'll give it to my land.’
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his mem'ry dies !
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honor raise them high.
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast, they die.

- 10 [Laid in the grave like fill'd sheep,
 Death feeds upon them here,
 Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
 In terror and despair.]

PSALM 49, ver. 14, 15, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 YE sons of pride that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene
 When will that hour appear?
 When shall the just revive, and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
 When sep'rate from the flesh;
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49, l. m.

- 1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have?
 How vain are riches, to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave?

- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
'That glorious day exalts the just,
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50, ver. 1—6, Part 1, c. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 ' Judgment shall ne'er begin ;'
 No more abuse his long delay,
 To impudence and sin
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way ;
 Thunder and darknefs, fire and ftorm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call fhall hear,
 Attending angels come ;
 And earth and hell fhall know and fear,
 His juftice, and their doom.
- 5 ' But gather all my faints.' he cries,
 ' That made their peace with God,
 ' By the Redeemer's facrifice,
 ' And feal'd it with his blood.
- 6 ' Their faith and works brought forth to
 ' Shall make the world confefs, [light,
 ' My fentence of reward is right,
 ' And heav'n adore my grace.'

PSALM 50, ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

Part 2. c m.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the Lord, ' The fpacious fields
 ' And flocks and herds, are mine ;
 ' O'er all the cattle of the hills,
 ' I claim a right divine,

- 2 ' I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 ' Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 ' To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 ' Is all that I require.
- 3 ' Call upon me when trouble's near,
 ' My hand shall set thee free;
 ' Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 ' The honor due to me.
- 4 ' The man that offers humble praise,
 ' He glorifies me best:
 ' And those that tread my holy ways,
 ' Shall my salvation taste.'

PSALM 50, ver. 1, 5, 8, 21, 22.

Part 3, C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 ' Not for the want of bullocks slain,
 ' Will I the world reprove;
 ' Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,
 ' Without the fire of love.
- 3 ' And what have hypocrites to do
 ' To bring their sacrifice?
 ' They call my statutes just and true,
 ' But deal in theft and lies.

- 4 ' Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
' And sin without controul?
' But I shall bring your crimes to light,
' With anguish in your soul.'
- 5 Consider ye, that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear,
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM 50, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit:
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure, and sin the more;
 They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM 50. *To a new tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign, sends his fum
 mons for h,
 Calls the south nations, & awakes the north,
 From east to west the sounding orders spread,
 Thro' distant worlds & regions of the dead!
 No more shall atheists mock his long delay:
 His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the
 day!
- 2 Behold! the judge descends; his guards ar
 nigh!
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky
 Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all
 things come,
 To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
 'But gather first my faints,' (the judge com
 'mands)
 'Bring them, ye angels, from their distan
 'lands.

- 3 ' Behold! my cov'nant stands for ever good,
' Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
' And sign'd with all their names; the
' Greek, the Jew,
' That paid the ancient worship or the new.
' There's no distinction here; come, spread
' their thrones,
' And near me seat my fav'rites and my
' sons.
- 4 ' I, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
' I am their judge: ye heav'ns proclaim
' abroad
' My just eternal sentence, and declare
' Those awful truths that sinners dread to
' hear;
' Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire,
' I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.
' Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
' Do I condemn thee: bulls and goats are
' vain,
' Without the flames of love: in vain the
' store
' Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before;
' Mine are the tamer beasts & savage breed,
' Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
' they feed.

- 6 ' If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
' When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's
' blood?
' Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows
' Thy solemn chat'rings and fantastic vows
' Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to
' behold,
' Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold!
- 7 ' Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou
' hope to please
' A God, a spirit, with such toys as these!
' While with my grace and statutes on thy
' tongue,
' Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
' wrong!
' In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends
' Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen
' friends.
- 8 ' Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love
' But didst thou hope that I should ne'er
' reprove?
' And cherish such an impious thought
' within,
' That God the righteous, would indulge thy
' sin?
' Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll
' And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes ! ye fools be wise ;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise !
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
 works amend ;
 Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your
 friend ;
 Left, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
 Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM 50. *To the old proper tune.*

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons
 forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the
 north :
 From east to west the sov'reign orders
 spread,
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the
 dead.
 The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n
 rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye faints, with cheerful
 voices.
 2 No more shall atheists mock his long de-
 lay ;
 His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the
 day !

Behold! the judge descends; his guards are
nigh;

Tempests and fire attend him down the sky
When God appears all nature shall adore him
While sinners tremble saints rejoice before
him.

3 'Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near: let all
'things come,
'To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints, (the judge com-
'mands)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
'lands.'

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion;

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-
vation.

4 'Behold! my cov'nant stands forever good
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; th'
'Greek, the Jew!

'That paid the ancient worship or the new.'
There's no distinction here; join all your
voices,

And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n
rejoices.

5 'Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread
'their thrones,
'And near me seat my fav'rites and my
'sons.
'Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys pre-
'par'd
'Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward.'
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-
vation.

PAUSE I.

5 'I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God:
'I am the judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths, that sinners dread to
'hear.'
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
him.
'Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and
'profane,
'Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat-
'nings vain:
'Thou hypocrite, once drefs'd in saints
'attire,
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.'

Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n
joices;

Lift up your heads; ye faints, with cheer
voices.

8 ' Not for the want of goats or bullocks fla

' Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats a
' vain

' Without the flames of love: in vain t
' store

' Of brutal off'rings that were mine before
Earth is the Lord's all nature shall adore him
While sinners tremble, faints rejoice before
him.

9 ' If I were hungry would I ask thee food

' When did I thirst or drink thy bullock
' blood?

' Mine are the tamer beasts and fave
' breed,

' Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests wh
' they feed,

All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creati
Gives sinners vengeance, and the faints
vation.

10 ' Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bo

' Thy solemn chatt'rings and fanta
' vows?

'Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to
behold,
'Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?'
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
rises.

PAUSE II.

1 'Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou
'hope to please
'A God, a spirit with such toys as these ?'
'While with my grace and statutes on thy
'tongue,
'Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
'wrong.'
Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heav'n re-
joices ;
Lift up your heads, ye fairs, with cheerful
voices.
2 'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
'Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen
'friends ;
'While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits.
'His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.'
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
rises.

13 ' Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love
 ' But didst thou hope that I should ne'er
 ' prove?

' And cherish such an impious thought
 ' within,

' That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?
 See, God appears: all nations join t' adore
 him:

Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before
 him.

14 ' Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll
 ' And thy own crimes affright thy guilty
 ' soul;

' Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear

' Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near

Judgment concludes: hell trembles: heav'n
 rejoices:

Lift up your heads, ye faints, with cheerful
 voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

' Sinners awake betimes; ye fools be wise

' Awake before this dreadful morning rises

' Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
 ' works amend,

' Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your
 ' friend.'

Then join, ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion:

When Christ returns, he comes for your sal-
vation.

PSALM 51, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jefus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r fufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as fnow;
No Jewifh types could cleanfe me fo.
While guilt difturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flefh nor foul hath reft or eafe:
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM 51, Part 3, L M.

O THOU that hear'ft when finners cry!
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
Create my nature pure within,
And form my foul averfe to fin:
Let thy good fpirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy prefence from my heart.
I cannot live without thy light,
Caft out and banifh'd from thy fight:
Thy holy joys, my God, reftore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
Tho' I have griev'd thy fpirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ftill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51, Part 1, C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes:
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise?
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love:
O! make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known,
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51, ver. 14—17, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53, ver. 4—6, c. m.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God hath first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

PSALM LV.

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- 4 O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55, ver. 1—8, 16—18, 22, c. m.

- 1 O GOD, my refuge! hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings found,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he commands their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That faints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain;
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55, ver. 15—17, 19, 22, s. m.

1 **L**ET finners take their course,
And choose the road to death;

PSALM LVI.

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But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM 56, c. m.

1 O THOU! whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;

Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;

So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, 'How faithful is thy word!
'How righteous all thy ways!'

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57, L. M.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;

K

Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd ; my songs shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name :
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. *As the 113th Psalm.*

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold & greatness bribe your hands

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too ?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns :

Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford:
And all that hear shall joy, and say,
'Sure there's a God that rules on high,
'A God that hears his children cry,
'And will their suff'rings well repay.'

PSALM 60, ver. 1—5, 10—12, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine,
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
O heal the people thou hast broke,
Confirm the wav'ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name:
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand:
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI, LXII.

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PSALM 61, ver. 1—6, s. m.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62, ver. 5—12, l. m.

1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust:
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All pow'r is his eternal due:
'He must be fear'd and trusted too.'
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63, ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Part I, c. m.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temples shine :
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine !

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63, ver. 6—10, Part 2, c. m.

1 'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed;
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

- 3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain:
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.
- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties.
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruit nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford:
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine :
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore :
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live :
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind :
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 65, ver. 1—5, Part 1, L. M.

1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain:
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee:
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays:
Babel prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65, 5—13, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease,
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundation stand.
- 6 Behold! his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and light'nings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day:
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;

The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine,
Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65, Part I, c. m.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;

And works of dreadful righteoufnefs
Fulfil thy kind defign.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations fee
The Lord is good and juft;
And diftant iflands fly to thee,
And make thy name their truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When figns in heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65, Part 2, c. m.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 The morning light, and ev'ning ſhade,
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds diſtill in fruitful ſhow'rs,
The author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns in the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,

With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;

The parched ground looks green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66, Part I, c. M.

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
'How terrible art thou!
'Sinners before thy presence fly,
'Or at thy feet they bow.'
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are thy ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He makes the ebbing channel dry,
While Isr'el pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare

Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O blefs our God, and never ceafe,
Ye ſaints fulfil his praife;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry ſteps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66, ver. 13—20, Part 2, c. m.

1 **N**OW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſſful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge ſorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly aid;

He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever blest!)
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67, c. m.

1 SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace:
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our land, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love,
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;

Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign judge
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the world he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68, ver. 1—6, 33—35,

Part I, L. M.

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold, his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire']

3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high:

Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless,
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find,
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms,
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM 68, ver. 17, 18, Part 2, L. M.

1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:

Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
'That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68, ver. 19, 9, 20—22,
Part 3, L. M.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:

Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

- 4 He makes the faint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth or deeper seas ;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69, ver. 1—14, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 'SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
' Break in upon my soul ;
' I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
' Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 'I cry till all my voice be gone ;
' In tears I waste the day :
' My God, behold my longing eyes,
' And shorten thy delay.
- 3 'They hate my soul without a cause,
' And still their number grows ;

- ‘ More than the hairs around my head,
‘ And mighty are my foes.
- 4 ‘ ’Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
‘ That men could never pay,
‘ And gave those honors to thy law,
‘ Which finners took away.’
- 5 Thus in the great Messiah’s name
The royal prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our heart to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 ‘ Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
‘ Salvation in my name,
‘ For I have borne their heavy load
‘ Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 ‘ Grief, like a garment, cloth’d me round,
‘ And sackcloth was my dress,
‘ While I procur’d for naked souls
‘ A robe of righteousness.
- 8 ‘ Amongst my brethern and the Jews
‘ I like a stranger stood,
‘ And bore their vile reproach, to bring
‘ The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 ‘ I came in sinful mortals’ stead,
‘ To do my Father’s will ;
‘ Yet when I cleans’d my Father’s house,
‘ They scandaliz’d my zeal.

- 10 'My fasting, and my holy groans,
'Were made the drunkard's song;
'But God, from his celestial throne,
'Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 'He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
'Nor let my soul be drown'd;
'He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet,
'On well establish'd ground.
- 12 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
'My pray'r arose on high;
'And for my sake my God shall hear
'The dying sinner's cry.'

PSALM 69, ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32,
Part 2, c. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing,
The suff'rings of our great high priest,
The sorrows of our king.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear,
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
'Nor hide thy shining face;
'Why should thy fav'rite look like one
'Forsaken of thy grace.

- 4 ' With rage they persecute the man
 ' That groans beneath thy wound,
 ' While for a sacrifice I pour
 ' My life upon the ground.
- 5 ' They tread my honor to the dust,
 ' And laugh when I complain ;
 ' Their sharp insulting slanders add
 ' Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 ' All my reproach is known to thee,
 ' The scandal and the shame ;
 ' Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
 ' And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 ' I look'd for pity, but in vain ;
 ' My kindred are my grief :
 ' I ask my friends for comfort round,
 ' But meet with no relief.
- 8 ' With vinegar they mock my thirst ;
 ' They give me gall for food :
 ' And, sporting with my dying groans,
 ' They triumph in my blood.
- 9 ' Shine into my distressed soul,
 ' Let thy compassion save ;
 ' And tho' my flesh sink down to dust,
 ' Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 ' I shall arise to praise thy name,
 ' Shall reign in worlds unknown ;

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'And thy salvation, O my God,
'Shall seat me on thy throne.'

PSALM 69, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I blest my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall blest her gates,

And glory purchas'd by his blood,
For thy own Isr'el waits.

PSALM 69, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love,
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honors of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69, ver. 7, &c. Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **'T**WAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load

Of base reproach and fore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfil'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 ['My Father's house (said he) was made,
'A place for worship, not for trade;'
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brags,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.

4 Zeal for the temple of his God,
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock his thirst with vinegar.]

- 8 But God beheld, and from his throne,
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71, ver. 5—9, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine:
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year:
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM 71, ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.
Part 2, c. m.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace.
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death hath brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71, ver 17—21, Part 3, C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
 And told thy wond'rous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim,
 To the surviving age;
 And leave a favour of thy name,
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death,
 Attends my next remove;
 O! may these poor remains of breath,
 Teach the wide world thy love.
- PAUSE.
- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.

- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft-endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand hath prest me fore,
Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known,
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72, Part I, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

M

- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revives at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The faints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings:
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord]

- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM 73, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
'How pleasant and profane they live!
'How peaceful is their death!
- 3 'With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,
'They lay their fears to sleep;
'Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
'While saints in silence weep.
- 4 'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
'And cleanse my heart in vain;
'For I am chasten'd all the day,
'The night renews my pain.'
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove,
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
'And grieve the men I love.'
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet,
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frowns he fell;

His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet was I kept from fell despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown:
That blessed hand which broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM 73, ver. 23—28, Part 2, c. m.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?

God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint!

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73, ver 22, 3, 6, 17—20, L. M.

1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when one awakes;

Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a preface to their plagues.

- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood :
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73, s. m.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God ;
Nor is religion vain ;
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair :
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God :

- Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
'Is there a God that sees or hears
'The things below the skies?']
- 7 The tumults of my thought;
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and pow'r,
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep,
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below.
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM 74, c. m.

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off,
His wrath for ever smoke,

- Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste,
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy building down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come, let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'
- 7 And, still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the feers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

- 9 How long, eternal God! how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?
- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd;
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

- 14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust,
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex the mourning dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest:
Plead thy own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 76, c. m.

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known;
His name in Is'el great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

- 3 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Sion's king that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell!
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy fight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful
The earth lies still and fears. [light]
- 8 When God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes fear his frown;

His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down:

- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Sion still.]

PSALM 77, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thought increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbad my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more:
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face:

- My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the Lord no more be kind ?
His face appear no more !
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand has wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er ;
Thy wonders of recover'ing grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord

PSALM 77, Part 2, c. II.

- 1 **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod !
(May thine own children say)

'The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
'How holy is his way!'

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above!
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie,
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd,
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd,
The nation that he chose.

5 Isr'el, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls:
He bids them venture thro' the deep,
And makes the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was the journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wond'rous way,
That brings thy mercies down.

- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd
How glorious is the Lord?
Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM 78, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Thro' ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone,
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

PSALM 78, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **O** WHAT a stiff rebellious house,
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might,
Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard the way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wond'rous pillow mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
'Can he with bread our host supply,
'Amidst this desert land?'
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame:
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **W**HEN Isr'el sins the Lord reprove,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known:
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provisions down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels meat.

- 4 But they in murm'ring language said,
 'Manna is all our feast,
 ' We loathe this light, this airy bread,
 ' We must have flesh to taste.'
- 5 ' Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
 The Lord in wrath reply'd:
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
 Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire;
 And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And fought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
 Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78, ver. 32, &c. Part 4, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see,
 How fickle and how false they be.

- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot,
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength & spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove,
False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive,
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail:
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80, L. M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And ledst the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground.

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

10 Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest,
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81, ver. 1, 8—16, s. m.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
And make a cheerful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 ' From vile idolatry
' Preserve my worship clean;
' I am the Lord who set thee free
' From slavery and sin.
- 3 ' Stretch thy desires abroad,
' And I'll supply them all;
' But if ye will refuse your God,
' If Israel will rebel;
- 4 ' I'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
' To their own lusts a prey,
' And let them run the dang'rous road,
' 'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 ' Yet, O! that all my saints,
' Would hearken to my voice!
' Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
' And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 ' While I destroy'd their foes,
' I'd richly feed my flock,
' And they shall taste the stream that flows
' From their eternal rock.'

PSALM 82, L. M.

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat:
The God of heav'n, as judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the faints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83, S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold, what cursed snares,
The men of mischief spread!
The men that hate thy faints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

- 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.
- 5 'Come, let us join,' they cry,
'To root them from the ground,
'Till not the name of saints remain,
'Nor mem'ry shall be found.'
- 6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.
- 7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.
- 8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy faints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God!
My God! my king! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant,
That pleasure which his children want?
- 4 Blest are the faints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find a way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day :
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84, ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10,
Paraphrased. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which my God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still they seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
PAUSE.
- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrows blest,
To dwell but where I love!

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. *As the 148th Psalm.*

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,

To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious feat,
When God our king
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves :
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

PSALM 85, ver. 1—8, Part 1, L. M.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
 Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom :
 So God forgave when Isr'el finn'd,
 And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate ;
 Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
 And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
 And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;

Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

- 4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85, ver. 9, &c. Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord,
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience so complete, [heav'n
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

- 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM 86, ver. 8—13, C. M.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;

Nor is their nature, mighty Lord!
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne:
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet:
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87, L. M.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!

O

Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

PSALM 89, L. M.

1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord!
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
' With thee my cov'nant first is made;
' In thee shall dying sinners live,
' Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 ' Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
' Thy children shall be ever blest;
' Thou art my chosen king: thy throne
' Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 ' There's none of all my sons above
' So much my image or my love:

‘Celestial pow’rs thy subjects are ;
 ‘Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 ‘David, my servant, whom I chose
 ‘To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 ‘And rais’d him to the Jewish throne,
 ‘Was but a shadow of my Son.’

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
 Jesus her Saviour, and her King :
 Angels his heav’nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89, Part 1, c. m.

1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord ;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heav’n endure ;
 And if he speak a promise once,
 Th’ eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held,
 The promis’d Jewish throne !
 But there’s a nobler cov’nant seal’d
 To David’s greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies ;

The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM 89, ver. 7, &c. Part 2, c m.

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;

How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel !

- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89, ver, 15, &c. Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name :
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Is'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89, ver, 19, &c. Part 4, c. m.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
Sinners, behold, your help is laid
On my almighty Son.

- Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race ;

- ' His head my holy oil o'erflows ;
 ' The Spirit of my grace.
 3 ' High shall he reign on David's throne,
 ' My people's better King ;
 ' My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 ' And still new subjects bring.
 4 ' My truth shall guard him in his way,
 ' With mercy by his side,
 ' While in my name thro' earth and sea
 ' He shall in triumph ride.
 5 ' Me for his Father and his God
 ' He shall for ever own ;
 ' Call me his rock, his high abode ;
 ' And I'll support my Son.
 6 ' My first-born Son array'd in grace
 ' At my right hand shall sit ;
 ' Beneath him angels know their place,
 ' And monarchs at his feet.
 7 ' My cov'nant stands for ever fast ;
 ' My promises are strong :
 ' Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
 ' His seed endure as long.'

PSALM 89, ver, 30, &c. Part 5, c. m.

- 1 YET (saith the Lord) if David's race
 ' The children of my Son,

- ' Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 ' And tempt mine anger down;
 2 ' Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 ' And make their folly smart;
 ' But I'll not cease to be their God;
 ' Nor from my truth depart.
 3 ' My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 ' But keep my grace in mind;
 ' And what eternal love hath spoke,
 ' Eternal truth shall bind.
 4 ' Once have I sworn (I need no more)
 ' And pledg'd my holiness,
 ' To seal the sacred promise sure
 ' To David and his race.
 5 ' The sun shall see his offspring rise,
 ' And spread from sea to sea,
 ' Long as he travels round the skies,
 ' To give the nations day.
 6 ' Sure as the moon that rules the night
 ' His kingdom shall endure,
 ' Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
 ' Shall be observ'd no more.'

PSALM 89, ver. 47, &c. Part 6, L. M.

A funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
 How frail our life! how short the date!

Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
• Must death for ever rage and reign?
• Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

- 3 • Where is thy promise to the just?
• Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word;
Awake, our souls! and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89, ver 47, &c. Part last.

As the 113th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
• The race of man was only made
• For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"

Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay ?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown ?
But flesh and sense indulge despair :
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord !
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM 90, L. M.

A mournful song at a funeral.

1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God !
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity ;

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account;
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
 An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set:
 How short the term! how frail the state!
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan than live.]
- 7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
 And cuts off our expected years!
 Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
 We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man:
 And kindly lengthen out our span,
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90, ver. 1—5, Part 1. c. M.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all his sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light :
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90, ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90, ver, 13, &c. Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease:
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete:
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90, ver. 5, 10, 12, s. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay:
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'il waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91, ver. 1—7, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode !
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, ‘ My God, thy pow’r
‘ Shall be my fortrefs and my tow’r :
‘ I, that am form’d of feeble dust,
‘ Make thine almighty arm my trust.’
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker’s care
Shall keep thee from the fowler’s snare ;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers ; so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people’s guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isr’el is safe : the poison’d air
Grows pure, if Isr’el’s God be there.

PAUSE.

- 7 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire:
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.
- PSALM 91, ver. 9—16, Part 2, c. m.
- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones :
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 ' Because on me they set their love,
' I'll save them,' saith the Lord ;
' I'll bear their joyful souls above
' Destruction and the sword.
- 7 ' My grace shall answer when they call ;
' In trouble I'll be nigh :
' My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
' And raise them when they die.
- 8 ' Those that on earth my name have known
' I'll honor them in heav'n ;
' There my salvation shall be shown,
' And endless life be giv'n.

PSALM 92, Part 1, L M.

- 1 SWEET is thy work, my God, my King
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And blefs his works, and blefs his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep thy counfels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die
Like grafs they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92, ver. 12, &c. Part 2, L. M.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand :
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy faints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yield such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live :
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true :
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93, 1st Metre. *As the 100th Psalm.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages flood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93, 2d Metre. *As the old 50th Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory, he reigns on high:
His robes of state are strength & majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise
And roar, and toss their waves against the
skies:
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-
motion, [ocean.
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling

3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still ;
And the mad world submissive to his will :
But on his truth his church must ever stand :
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
See his own sons, when they appear before
him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93, 3d Metre. *As the old 122d Psalm.*

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd ;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands ;
And skies and stars obey thy word :
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar :
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash-like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their pow'rs engage;
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new:
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
 The saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune:

PSALM 94, ver. 1, 2, 7—14, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, 'The Lord nor sees nor hears;
 When will the fools be wise?
 Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
 Or blind who made their eyes?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his pow'r;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.

- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod;
 Thy providences and thy book
 Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw:
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,
 When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94, ver. 16—23. Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
 Against my num'rous foes?
 While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose.
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
 Sustain'd my fainting head,
 My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 'Alas! my sliding feet,' I cry'd;
 Thy promise was my prop:
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 Thy spirit bore me up.

- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws ;
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95, c. m.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honor sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King !
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem ;
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.

- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand,
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

PSALM 95, s. m.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown:
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;
- 6 The Lord in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
'You that despise my promis'd rest
'Shall have no portion there.'

PSALM 95, ver. 1, 2, 3, 6—11, L M.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sov'reign King, rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Isr'el knew.

- 4 Ifr'el, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face ;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, ' How false they prove
' Forget my pow'r, abuse my love :
' Since they despise my rest, I swear,
' Their feet shall never enter there.'
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead,
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavn'ly gates :
Believe, and take the promis'd rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM 96, ver. 1, 10, &c. c. m.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son :
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprize
 The islands of the sea:
 Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
 Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their judge appear!

PSALM 96. *As the 113th Psalm.*

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
 The wond'ring nations read thy word;
 In our land is Jehovah known:

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97, ver. 1—5, Part 1, L. M.

1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, & cleaves the tombs;

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with fore dismay,
Fly from the fight, and shun the day!
Then lift your heads, ye faints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97, ver. 6—9, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM 97, Part 3, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;

He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97, ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11, c. m.

1 YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim,
The idol-gods around,
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;

Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98, Part 1, c. m.

1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98, Part 2, c. m.

1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king:

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99, Part 1, s. m.

1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the sov'reign reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

Q

- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honors are divine :
His church shall make his wonders known
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace

PSALM 99, Part 2, s. m.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet,
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his feat.
- 2 When Isr'el was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd. when Samuel pray'd
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race :
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C.

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PSALM 100. First Metre.

A plain translation.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100, Second Metre.

A paraphrase.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men

And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name?

4 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'n our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

PSALM 101, LAM.

1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God my righteous King!
To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;

No wicked thing shall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring, or malicious lies:
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offenders shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew (the factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be suppress'd.

PSALM 101, c. m.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;

- I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night ;
The liars tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102, ver. 1—13, 20, 21, Part 1, c. n.

- 1 **H**EAR me O God nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die :
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry ?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air :

My strength is dry'd my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like with'ring grafs,
Burnt with excessive heat :
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness
Where beasts of midnight howl ;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast ;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast ;
My daily bread, like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high ;
Thy hand hath cast me down.

- 9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
 And life's declining light
 Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
 That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
 O my eternal God!
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay
 Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
 That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his faints, he knows their cry,
 And by mysterious ways
 Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102, ver. 13--21, Part 2, c m.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice:
 Behold the promis'd hour:
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
 Are precious in our eyes:
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners groan
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, 'That praying breath
' Was ever spent in vain.'
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102, ver, 23—28, Part 3, L. M.

- 1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days:
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon!

- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
' Our Father and our Saviour live;
' Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age.
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand: [fade,
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103, ver. 1—7, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels :
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'ers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Ilr'el his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace,
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM 103, ver, 8—18, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways
How firm his truth, how large his grace
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines,
His strokes are lighter than our sins,
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hands and melting eyes,
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
 Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
 And will no heavy loads impose
 Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
 Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies,
 Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
 Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure
 To all the saints, and shall endure,
 From age to age his truth shall reign,
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103, ver. 1—7, Part 1, s. m.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave;
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,
 He gives the suff'ers rest,
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
 He made by Moses known,
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103, ver. 8—18, Part 2, s. m.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath,
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 1. 3, ver, 19—22, Part 3, s. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wond'rous works
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

*Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the
old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two
lines to every stanza, namely,*

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honor to his name!

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed

Clouds are his chariot, when he flies,
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand:
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round:
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go,
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees that shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

R

PAUSE I.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice,
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
With nature's chief supporter, bread,
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands:
Birds to the bows for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascend the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell,
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face,
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God,
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beasts to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labor goes:
The night was made for his repose,
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.
- PAUSE III.
- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,

- And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheèrful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return,
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men:
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honor'd with his own delight,
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke:
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ
Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I, to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. Abridged. c. m.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abr'ham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 'Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the almighty voice)
'And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
'The type of heav'nly joys.'
- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

- 6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remove ;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 ' Touch mine anointed, and my arm
' Shall soon revenge the wrong :
' The man that does my prophets harm
' Shall know their God is strong.'
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear :
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care]

PAUSE I.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness, darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread ;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

- 12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle flew.
- 13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd;
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be the Almighty's care.
- PAUSE II.
- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
And left the hated ground:
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide y night.
- 17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert thro'.
- 18 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of ever flowing grace!

So Christ our rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be the Almighty's care.

PSALM 106, ver. 1—5, Part 1, L M.

1 **T**O God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honor be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways;
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did,
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice

This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106, ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48,
Part 2, s. M.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Isr'el prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks, with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook,
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Isr'el bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;

And christians join the solemn word
AMEN, to all the praise.

PSALM 107, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, he reigns above:
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground!
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,

We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107, Part 2, L. M.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord:

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found:
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,

And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ner thro';
Takes of the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107, Part 3, L. M.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasure bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste
Till all his acting pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry!

He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure :
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107, Part 4, L. M.

1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind,
Till God commands and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel.

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :

- His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds with wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107, Part 5, c-m.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;

And, hopeleſs of the diſtant ſhore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He hears their loud requeſt,
And orders ſilence thro' the ſkies,
And lays the floods to reſt.

6 Sailors rejoice to loſe their fears,
And ſee the ſtorm allay'd :
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them ſafe to land ;
Let ſtupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the ſons of men would praife
The goodneſs of the Lord !
And thoſe who ſee thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wond'rous love record.

PSALM 107, Laſt Part, L. M.

1 WHEN God provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raiſe the ſprings again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,

Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the field, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruits supply their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful flocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns,
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence,
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

- 9 How few with pious care record
 These wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
 But wise observers still shall find
 The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 109, ver. 1—5, 31, c. m.

- 1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song;
 Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.

- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
 ' At my right hand, till I shall make
 ' Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 ' From Zion shall thy word proceed;
 ' Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 ' Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 ' And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 ' That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
 ' When saints shall flock with willing minds
 ' And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 ' Where holiness in beauty shines.'
- 4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
 ' Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 ' And change from hand to hand no more.

- 2 ' Aaron and all his sons must die,
' But everlasting life is thine,
' To save for ever those that fly
' For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 ' By me Melchisedek was made
' On earth a king and priest at once ;
' And thou, my heav'nly priest, shalt plead,
' And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'
- 4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth his reigns shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel ;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110, c. m.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit :
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore :
 ' Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 ' When Aaron is no more.
- 4 ' Melchisedek, that wond'rous priest,
 ' That king of high degree,
 ' That holy man, whom Abr'am blest,
 ' Was but a type of thee.'
- 5 Jesus our priest for ever lives,
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our king for ever gives
 The blessing of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain ;
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111, Part I, G. M.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God ;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

- 2 How great the works his hands hath
How glorious in our sight! [wrought!
And men in ev'ry age have fought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact in nature's frame,
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
 He gives his children food;
 And, ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the Great Redeemer, came
 To call his cov'nant sure;
 Holy and rev'rend is his name,
 His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
 Must with his fear begin;
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 112. *As the 113th Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law:
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
 His house the seat of wealth shall be,
 An inexhausted treasury,
 And with successive honors crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favors he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends;
 A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind.

- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in all affliction's night,
And see's in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around :
Safe on the rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 9 The wicked shall his triumphs see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd ;
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112, L. M.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, & trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his feed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind;
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112, c. m.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprize
His well-establiſh'd mind ;
His ſoul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general diſtreſs
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord ;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his ſure reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

- 1 YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs :
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams. or ſetting rays,
Let lands and ſeas his pow'r confeſs.
- 2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds ;
The heav'ns are far below his height :

Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name:
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys:
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM 113, L. M.

- 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty:
 Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels, with their God compare?

His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light !

4 Behold his love ; he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do ;
And condescends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done :
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114, L. M.

1 **W**HEN Isr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way :

Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Isr'el: see him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord,

PSALM 115. First Metre.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue

Insult us, and, to raise our shame, (long ?
Say, 'Where's the God youv'e serv'd fo

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood ;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver faint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears, they carve their head ;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise
They dwell in silence and the grave ;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM 115 Second Metre.

As the new Tune of the 50th Psalm.

- 1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due;
 Thy pow'r & grace, thy truth & justice claim
 Immortal honors to thy sov'reign name.
 Shine thro' the earth from heav'n, thy blest
 habode,
 Nor let the heathens say, 'And where's
 your God?'
- 2 Heav'n is thy higher court, there stands
 thy throne,
 And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done.
 Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns
 he spread,
 But fools adore the gods their hands have
 made;
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout,
 behold
 Their silver-saviours, and their faints of
 gold.
- 3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
 The molton image neither sees nor hears;
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can
 move
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor
 pow'r, nor love;

- Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, & their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statutes well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
And trusts the gods that saws and hammers made.
- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say,
Which is more stupid, or the gods, or they;
O Isr'el, trust the Lord! he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.
- 6 In God we trust; our impious foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd
our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd and live: let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116, Part 1, C. M. 1829

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll haſt'n to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more deſpair,
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 'My God,' I cry'd, 'thy ſervant ſave,
'Thou ever good and juſt;
'Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
'Thy pow'r is all my truſt.'
- 5 The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my ſoul, to God, thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.
- 6 My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116, ver. 12. &c. Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy fight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117, c. m.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue;
 In ev'ry language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
 Proclaim his grace abroad,
 For ever firm his truth shall stand,
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117, l. m.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 117, s. m.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound thro' distant lands:
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,

Till morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118, ver. 6—15, Part 1, c. m.

1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid

Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm,
But I shall all their rage confound,
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice,
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they gird me round,
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;

The Lord protects their days:
Let Isr'el tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118, ver. 17—21, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save).
- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go,
'Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Amongst th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise:
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118, ver. 22, 23, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise:
 'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
 And wond'rous in our eyes.

PSALM 118, ver. 24—26, Part 4, c. m.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise,
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118, ver. 22—27, s. m.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
 The builders did refuse!
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son;
 Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wond'rous in our eyes:
 This day declares it all divine,
 This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
 That our Redeemer made:
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
 Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
 Of David's royal blood;
 Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,
 Which all this grace displays;

PSALM CXVIII, XIX.

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And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118, ver. 22—27, L. M.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

*I have collected and disposed the most useful
verses of this psalm under eighteen different
heads, and formed a divine song on each of
them. But the verses are much transposed to
attain some degree of connection.*

T 2

In some places, among the words law, commands, judgments, testimonies, I have used gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c. as more agreeable to the New-Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scriptures.

PSALM 119, Part 1, c. m.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
 Whose ways are right and clean;
 Who never from thy law depart,
 But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
 And practise thy commands;
 With their whole heart they seek the Lord
 And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
 How firm their souls abide!
 Nor can a bold temptation draw
 Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
 And keep my face from shame,

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When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst !
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are,
And those that leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119, Part 2, c. m.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirits faint to see thy grace ;
Thy promise bears me up ;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee,

Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119, Part 3, c. m.

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes:
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;

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Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil :
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119, Part 4, c. m.

Ver. 9.

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.
- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

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Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119, Part 5, c. M.

Ver. 97.

HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word,
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119, Part 6, c. m.

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just?
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey,
 I keep thy law in sight;
 Thro' all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.

Ver. 63

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 'How sweet thy comforts be!'
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

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Ver. 162.

1 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119, Part 7, c. m.

Ver. 96, paraphrased.

1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
And thy commands exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;

And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119, Part 8, c. m.

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage,
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

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PSALM 119, Part 9, c. M.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my foul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

U

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM 119, Part 10, c. m.

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

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Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail:
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119, Part 11, c. m.

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy spirit down to write,
Thy law upon my heart?
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes:
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
And keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119, Part 12, c. m.

Ver. 153.

1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause ;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear ;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

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Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
'And make my comforts rise?'

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119, Part 13, c. m.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy
face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners way!

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,

And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While finners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. Part 14, c. m.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;

My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe:
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find:

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

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Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119, Part 16, c. m.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156. 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'rs,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119, Part 17, L. M.

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

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PSALM 119. Last part, L. M.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I blefs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastifing rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I felt my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well,

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raife my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120, C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?
- 2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro'
Strict justice would approve :
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 120, L. M.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heav'ns with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guides our way ;
His morning smiles blest all the day ;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.
- 4 Isr'el, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with fickle ray
Shall blast thy couch ! no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord ; his heav'nly care
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r
 And, in thy last departing hour,
 Angels that trace the airy road
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 121, c. m.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid;
 The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall.
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call;
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With his Almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.
- 4 Ifr'el, rejoice and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard.

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5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come:
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. *As the 148th Psalm.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly:
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 Or fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep,
 Shall Iſr'el keep,
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,

Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122, C. M.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The son of David holds his throne;
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
'Come let us seek our God to-day !'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, or praise, or hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

W

- 3 There David's greater Son
Hath fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.
- Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.*

PSALM 123, c. m.

- 1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;

- Or maids before their mistresses stand,
And wait a peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124, L. M.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Isr'el say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide :
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke :

So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care!
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He who upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes

PSALM 125, c. m.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well,
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround:
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,

To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125, s. m.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What tho' a Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrants rage,
Too long oppress the faint;

The God of Isr'el will support
His children, lest they faint.

- 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126, L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme,
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears.
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126, C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,

- My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace:
- 3 'Great is the work,' my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart reply'd,
'And be the glory thine.'
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrows rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127, L. M.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;

- If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM 127, c. m.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blest;

But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128, c. m.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honor shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells in Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,

Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129, c. m.

- 1 UP from my youth, may Isr'el say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul!
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;

Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130, c. m.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;

Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for their salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Isr'el trust,
Let Isr'el seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great redeemer is his Son,
And Isr'el shall be sav'd.]

PSALM 130, L. M.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries!

- If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131, c. m.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still;
And all my carriage mild;

Content, my Father, with thy will;
And quiet as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132, ver. 5, 13, L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient race;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 ' Here will I fix my gracious throne,
' And reign for ever,' saith the Lord!
' Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
' And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 ' Here will I meet the hungry poor,
' And fill their souls with living bread:
' Sinners that wait before my door,
' With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 ' Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
' My priests, my ministers, shall shine;

- ' Not Aaron in his costly drefs
 ' Made an appearance fo divine.
 6 ' The faints, unable to contain
 ' Their inward joys fhall fhout and fing;
 ' The Son of David here fhall reign,
 ' And Zion triumph in her king.
 7 ' [Jefus fhall fee a num'rous feed
 ' Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
 ' His crown fhall flourish on his head,
 ' While all his foes are cloth'd with fhame.]

PSALM 132, ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17, c. M.

- 1 NO fleep nor flumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the fkies,
 A dwelling for the Lord.
 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
 His ark was fettled there:
 To Sion the whole nation came
 To worfhip thrice a year.
 3 But we have no fuch lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad:
 Where'er thy faints afsemble now,
 There is a houfe for God,
 PAUSE.
 4 Arife, O King of grace, arife,
 And enter to thy reft!

Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

3 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread:

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133, c. m.

1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ, the
Descend to ev'ry soul, [spring.

And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head ;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread :

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That falls on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distill.

PSALM 133, st. m.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet :
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above,

Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. *As the 122d Psalm.*

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head;
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distills.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 134. c. m.

1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And blest his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high :
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace :
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135, ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21,
Part 1, L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait ;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good,
To praise his name is sweet employ ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod :
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known, " Th' Almighty God."

- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst the saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135, ver. 5—12, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please in earth and sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Isr'el, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135, c. m

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth and sea, confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise :
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r, that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the flocks or flocks they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave :
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to save.

- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.
- 8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honors there.

PSALM 136, c. m.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord,
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.
- 4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage thro';
His pow'r and grace unite.
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground,
Eternal be his praise.
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Isr'el took the promis'd land
And faithful is his word.
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails:
From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.
- 10 Give thanks to God the heav'nly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM 136. *As the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;

The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;

And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of Egypt dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the red-sea in two,
And for his people made
A wond'rous passage thro'.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his hosts he drown'd
And brought his Isr'el safe
Thro' a long desert ground.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

- 8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 9 He sent his only son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PSALM 136. Abridged. L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly feat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 138, L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart & tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139, Part 1, L. M.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd & seen me thro';
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

- 5 ' O may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 ' O may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes,
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Nor death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PSALM 139, Part 2, L. M.

- 1 **T**WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame,
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

- 4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
 God stamp'd his image on my frame,
 And in some unknown moment join'd
 The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
 And all the passions of the man:
 Great God, our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise!

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
 With these I give my eyes to rest;
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139, Part 3, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel
 When impious men transgress thy will!
 I mourn to hear their lips profane
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.

- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee !

PSALM 139, Part 2, C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part ;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
Was copy'd by thy art. [laid
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace !

PSALM 139, ver. 14, 17, 18, Part 3, c. m.

An evening psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 140, ver. 2—5, l. m.

A morning or evening psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!

Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142, C. M.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief,
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near;
'Thou art my portion when I die,
'Be thou my refuge here.'
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,

And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an almighty friend.

- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim!

PSALM 143, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y righteous judge, my gracious God!
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known!
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;

- I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn,
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye:
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd powers rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144, ver. 1, 2, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144, ver. 3—6, Part 2, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace.

- 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shades the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

PSALM 144, ver. 12—15, Part 3, c. m.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

- 2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 144, l. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine;
 Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim
 The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
 Vast and unfearchable thy ways!
 Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 145, ver, 1—7, 11—13, Part 1, c. m.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name
 My king, my God of love!
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
 And let his praise be great:
 I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shone.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145, ver. 7, &c. Part 2, c. m.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145, ver. 14, 17, &c. Part 3, c. m.

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all:
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days.
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

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- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
'They sought his aid in vain.']
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.]

PSALM 146, L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp & power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146. *As the 113th Psalm.*

- 1 I'LL praise my maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp & power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage,
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147, Part 1, L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerufalem,
And gathers nations to his name,
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

- 6 He makes the grafs the hills adorn,
And clothes the fmiling fields with corn:
The beafts with food his hands fupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's fkill or force?
The fprightly man, the warlike horfe,
The nimble wit, the adive limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But faints are lovely in his fight,
He views his children with delight:
He fees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM 147, Part 2, L. M.

Summer and winter:

- 1 **L**ET Zion praife the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad;
For fweet the joy our fongs to raife,
And glorious is the work of praife.
- 2 Our children live fecure and blefs'd;
Our fhores have peace, our cities reft;
He feeds our fons with fineft wheat,
And adds his bleffings to their meat.
- 3 The changing feafons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of fnow like wool he fends,
And thus the fpringing corn defends.

- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;
 His hail descends with dreadful sound :
 His icy bands the rivers hold,
 And terror arms his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call his people to his praise.
- 6 Through all our states his laws are shown ;
 His gospel through the nations known,
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word
 To ev'ry land—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147, ver. 7—9, 13—18, c. m.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honors sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high,
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below :
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry,
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honors high.

- 4 His steady counfels change the face
Of the declining year,
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise,

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

- 4 He mov'd the mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.
- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When light'nings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore,
His hand divine.
- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.
- 8 Ye kings, and judges fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King;

And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing:

Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

- 9 Virgins, and youths, engage,
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.

Wide as he reigns
His name be sung,
By ev'ry tongue,
In endless strains.

- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

PSALM 148. Paraphrased. L. M.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell;
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, namely,

Each of his works his name displays
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss !
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame,
In sounds of dreadful praise declare,
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill,
Vallies lie low before his eye,

- And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky;
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains,
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream,
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known,
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O'may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

PSALM 148, S. M.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honors be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise :
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear ;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing,
Your maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race
His honors be exprest ;
But saints that know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

- 3 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honors spring.
- 4 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and with'ring age,
Their feeble voices try.
- 5 United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 6 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest:
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149, c. m.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your songs be new:
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His latter wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing:
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust;
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honor for the saints remains;
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM 150, ver. 1, 2, 6, c. m.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;

To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.



THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints that love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death;

Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new creating Breath.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth, and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

AN
INDEX,

TO FIND A PSALM SUITED TO PARTICULAR
SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS.

Note, In this table I have not directed to the several parts or metres of the psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any psalm, may easily be found by turning a leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct parts or metres.

If you find not what word you seek in this table, seek another of the same signification: or seek it under some of the more general words, such as *God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.*

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F I N I S.

H Y M N S
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.
IN THREE BOOKS.

- I COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art
worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast
redeemed us, &c. Rev. v, 9.*

*Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire,
carmenquæ Christi quasi Deo dicere.
Plinius in Epist.*

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.....
1803.

The following additional Hymns were never before inserted.

1. Shepherds, rejoice lift up your eyes.
2. Jesus our Saviour and our God.
3. Absent from flesh ! O blissful thought.
4. When the eternal bows the skies.
5. Shall atheists dare insult the cross.
6. What shall the dying sinner do.
7. Not by the laws of innocence.
8. Jesus, thy blessings are not few.
9. The mighty frame of glorious grace.
10. How is our nature spoil'd by sin.
11. Adam our father and our head.
12. He dies ! the friend of sinners die !
13. Father, how wide thy glories shine.
14. O happy souls that live on high.

H Y M N S.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1, c. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And those the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;

- Lo ! in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2, L. M.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd
abroad
From everlasting was the word ;
With God he was ; the word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r all things were made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;

(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years.)

- 4 But, lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay.
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3, s. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wond'rous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
He gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;

The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
'The promis'd infant, born to-day,
'Doth in a manger lie.

6 'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your king;
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing.

7 'Glory to God on high!
'And heav'nly peace on earth;
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth!'

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

9 'Glory to God on high!
'And heav'nly peace on earth;
'Good will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth!']

HYMN 4, C. M.

- 1 'SHEPHERDS rejoice! lift up your eyes
' And send your fears away:
' News from the regions of the skies—
' Salvation's born to-day!
- 2 'Jesus the God whom angels fear,
' Comes down to dwell with you;
' To-day he makes his entrance here,
' But not as monarchs do.
- 3 'No gold nor purple swadling bands,
' Nor royal shining things:
' A manger for his cradle stands,
' And holds the King of Kings.
- 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
' And see his humble throne:
' With tears of joy in all your eyes,
' Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heav'nly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 'Glory to God that reigns above.
' Let peace surround the earth:
' Mortals shall know their Maker's love
' At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we loose our useles tongues
When they forget to praise.

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 5, c. m.

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6, c. m.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just;
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh:
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7, c. m.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sound :
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join :
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

- 7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepar'd by God,
 Wrought by the labours of his Son,
 And dy'd in his own blood]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our sins !
- 9 The happy gates of Gospel-grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8, C. M.

- 1 **H**OW honorable is the place
 Where we adoring stand;
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye nations that obey
 The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 9, c. m.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27, C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come.
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

HYMN 28, c. m.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king :
'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
' That your salvation bring.'
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel's red ;
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread ?
- 4 'I by myself have trod the press,
' And crush'd my foes alone ;
' My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
' My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 ' 'Tis Edom's blood that dies my robes
' With joyful scarlet stains ;
' The triumph that my raiment wears
' Sprung from my bleeding veins.

- 6 ' Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
' That dare insult my saints,
' I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
' An ear for their complaints.'

HYMN 29, c m.

- 1 ' **I** LIFT my banner,' saith the Lord,
' Where antichrist hath stood;
' The city of my gospel-foes
' Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 ' My heart hath study'd just revenge,
' And now the day appears,
' The day of my redeem'd is come,
' To wipe away their tears.
- 3 ' Quite weary is my patience grown,
' And bids my fury go:
' Swift as the light'ning it shall move,
' And be as fatal too.
- 4 ' I call for helpers, but in vain:
' Then has my Gospel none?
' Well, mine own arm has might enough
' To crush my foes alone.
- 5 ' Slaughter and my devouring sword
' Shall walk the streets around,
' Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
' And stagger to the ground.'

- 6 Thy honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

HYMN 30, L. M.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and downy wings.

HYMN 31, c m.

- 1 **W**HEN the eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes,
From tow'rs of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things!
- 4 Mortals, be dumb, what creatures dare
Dispute his awful will!
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be.

HYMN 32, c. m.

1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts
arise !

And where's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak.
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33, c. m.

1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our redeemer, God ?

Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his Gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophet spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

HYMN 34, L. M.

1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe;

Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n;
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean,

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus bring his Gospel nigh;
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines,
Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 35, L. M.

1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven,

New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 36, c. m.

1 JESUS thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex nor age,
The lofty or the low.

3 Come all, ye vilest finners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;

His Gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

- 4 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

HYMN 37, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills the lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue,
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 What black reproach defil'd his name !
When with our sins he took our shame !
The pow'r whom kneeling angels blest,
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
- 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans ;

The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death.

- 6 But see the wonders of his pow'r
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesu's blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 8 What shall fulfil his boundless song,
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

HYMN 38, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er had found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own:
Jesus there's nothing but thy blood,
Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 The threat'nings of the broken law,
Impress our souls with dread;

- If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice,
Hath answer'd these demands:
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesu's hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

HYMN 39, C. M.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?

Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?

- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 ' Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
' And mothers monsters prove,
' Sion still dwells upon the heart
' Of everlasting love.
- 6 ' Deep on the palms of both my hands
' I have engrav'd her name ;
' My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
' And build her broken frame.'

HYMN 40, L. M.

- 1 ' **W**HAT happy men or angels these,
' That all their robes are spotless
white ?
' Whence did this glorious troop arrive,
' At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?'
- 2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came :
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

- 3 Now they approach th' almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Measure their blest'd eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, & wipes their tears.

HYMN 41, c. m.

- 1 ' **T**HESE glorious minds, how bright
they shine!
' Whence all their white array?
' How came they to their happy seats
' Of everlasting day?'
2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fi'ry wheels they rode,

And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42, c. m.

1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
Is a * consuming fire;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

* Heb. xii. 29.

- 2 Almighty vengeance ! how it burns !
How bright his fury glows !
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze !
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Thro' the wild air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd :
Who dares engage his fi'ry rage,
That shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty God ! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fi'ry tempest pour,
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN 43, L. M.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd & justice doom'd us dead,
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But O! unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
Ye heav'nly thrones stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he has won:
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

- 7 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love,
Raife me beyond th' etherial blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

HYMN 44, L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

- 6 Say, 'Live for ever, wond'rous King!
'Born to redeem and strong to save;
Then ask the monster where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

HYMN 45, c. m.

- 1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 ' [I am the first, and I the last,
'Through endless years the same;
'I AM is my memorial still,
'And my eternal name.
- 3 ' Such favors as a God can give,
'My royal grace bestows:
'Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
'Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 ' [The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
'I'll own him for a son;
'The whole creation shall reward
'The conquests he has won.
- 5 ' But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
'And all the lying race,
'The faithless and the scoffing crew,
'That spurn at offer'd grace;

- 6 ' They shall be taken from my sight,
' Bound fast in iron chains,
' And headlong plung'd into the lake
' Where fire and darkness reigns.']
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head!
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

HYMN 46, c. m.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy grand design,
To save rebellious worms;
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

- 4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones,
Oh! the dear myst'ries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans!
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorns the heav'nly plains:
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 47, c. m.

- 1 **H**APPY the soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here,
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whole holy springs,
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.
- 6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day;
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot wheels,
How long is thy delay.

HYMN 48, L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone),
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 49, C.M.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God !
Who would not fear thy name !
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb !
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King ;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red-sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When thro' the desert Isr'el went,
With manna they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place,
But Christ shall bring his follow'rs home
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50, c. m.

- 1 **N**OW be the God of Isr'el blest'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he swears.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour-God,
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

- 5 ' Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries,
 ' That takes our guilt away;
 ' I saw the spirit o'er his head
 ' On his baptizing-day.
- 6 ' Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
 ' Sink ev'ry mountain low;
 ' The proud must stoop, and humble souls
 ' Shall his salvation know.
- 7 ' The heathen realms with Isr'el's land
 ' Shall join in sweet accord;
 ' And all that's born of men shall see
 ' The glory of the Lord.
- 8 ' Behold the Morning-star arise,
 ' Ye that in darknefs sit;
 ' He marks the path that leads to peace,
 ' And guides our doubtful feet.'

HYMN 51, s. m.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52, L. M.

- 1 'T'WAS the commission of our Lord,
'Go, teach the nations and baptize,'
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant lands.
- 3 'Repent, and be baptiz'd,' he saith,
'For the remission of your sins ;'
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his Gospel means.

- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
And water makes the body clean:
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53, L. M.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
'To ev'ry land;) Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54, L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne,
Flow down to finners through his Son!
- 2 'Chriſt be my firſt elect,' he ſaid;
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameleſs in love, & holy feed.'
- 4 Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare our part
In the affections of his heart:
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his Firſt-belov'd.

HYMN 55, C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs
Our God deſerves a ſong;
We take the pattern of our praiſe
From Hezekiah's tongue.

- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds from slavish fears ;
' Our days are past, and we shall lose
' The remnant of our years.'
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands ;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore :
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 56, c. m.

- 1 **WE** sing the glories of thy love,
We found thy dreadful name ;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

- 2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57, c. m.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we
On our original; [look
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath!
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degn'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God! thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new-creates our dust!

HYMN 58, L. M.

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood

- Chief general of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host,
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast;
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown;
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb;
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word, and pow'rful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN 59, L. M.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies a fair type of Babylon;

‘ Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
‘ God shall avenge your long complaints.’

- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood :
‘ Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
‘ Thus, and no more be found at all.’

HYMN 60, L. M.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God the Saviour we rejoice :
While we repeat the virgin’s song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice !
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done :
His overshadowing pow’r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let ev’ry nation call her blest’d,
And endless years prolong her fame ;
But God alone must be ador’d ;
Holy and reverend is his name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure :
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra’m and his seed,
‘ In thee shall all the earth be blest’d :’

The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

- 6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd seed is born !

HYMN 61, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glories sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once ;
Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :

Come, Lord ! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 62, C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 ' Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,' they cry,
' To be exalted thus :'
' Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
' For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praises.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63, L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,

- When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

HYMN 64, s. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd

- On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son:
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65, L. M.

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky:

- Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of veng'ance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66, L. M.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
My int'rest in his heav'nly love:
The voice that tells me 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the favor of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
My soul shall fly into thine arms!

Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.

5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are;
And black as Kedar's tents appear;
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 While at the table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.

7 As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare:
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.

HYMN 67, L. M.

1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,

- Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A word'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, & groans, & tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.

HYMN 68, L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine,
Amongst wild gourds the nobler vine:

- So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.
- 4 Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts how kind they be.
- 6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN 69, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now, thro' the veil of flesh, I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;

Now in the Gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away;
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 'The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
'The sacred turtle-dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 'Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,
'Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.'
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 70, L. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt
He gently speaks, and calls us out:
- 2 'My dove, who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,

‘Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
‘And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 ‘Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
‘My graces in thy count’pance meet;
‘Tho’ the vain world thy face despise,
‘‘Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.’

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and of praise.

5 I am my love’s, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join!
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash’d in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o’er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.

HYMN 71, L. M.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night;
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.
- 4 I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual token share.
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 72; L. M.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name.
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73, 11. M.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
'Lo, thou art fair, my love!' he cries:
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 'Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
'Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.
- 3 'Thou art all-fair, my bride, to me;
'I will behold no spot in thee;
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 'My sister, and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are,
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly plains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74, L. M.

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour-God,
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well-pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 ' Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
' The blessings that my Father sends,
' Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
' And drink abundance of my love.'
- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord,
But the rich food on which we live [give
Demands more praise than tongues can

HYMN 75, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
' What are his charms,' say they, 'above
' The objects of a mortal love?'
- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red, with the blood he shed for me,
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars:

- 4 His head the finest gold excels :
There wisdom in perfection dwells :
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassion in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.
- 6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold :
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies ;
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting faints,
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord ;
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd :

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too!

HYMN 76, L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown:
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies shew their spotless heads.
- 4 He hath engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.
- 5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shews me where his glories are,
No chariots of Aminadab
The heav'nly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,

Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love!

HYMN 77, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
'My love how pleasant for delight!'
- 2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word!
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know;
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN 78, L. M.

- 1 **W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,

And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.

3 ' O let my name engraven stand
' Both on thy heart, and on thy hand,
' Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
' That pledge of love for ever there.

4 ' Stronger than death thy love is known,
' Where floods of wrath could never drown,
' And hell and earth in vain combine
' To quench a fire so much divine.

5 ' But I am jealous of my heart,
' Lest it should once from thee depart;
' Then let thy name be well impress'd
' As a fair signet on my breast.

6 ' Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
' Where fears and doubts can never come,
' Thy count'nance let me often see
' And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 ' Come, my Beloved, haste away,
' Cut short the hours of thy delay;
' Fly like a youthful hart or roe
' Over the hills where spices grow.'

HYMN 79, L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes halle
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will.
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss,
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 80, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 81, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love?
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours,
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82, L. M.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne,
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy fight :
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow :
How frail are we, how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83, c. m.

1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance,
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace :
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace :
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my father please.

HYMN 84, L. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Isr'el hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honors and his names:
- 2 'I am the Last, and I the First,
'The Saviour-God, and God the Just;
'There's none beside pretends to shew
'Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 'Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
'Just on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from distant lands,
'Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.
- 4 'I by my holy name have sworn,
'Nor shall the word in vain return,
'To me shall all things bend the knee,
'And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.
- 5 'In me alone shall men confess
'Lies all their strength and righteousness:
'But such as dare despise my name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 'In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
'Of Isr'el from their sins be freed,
'And by their shining graces prove
'Their int'rest in my pard'ning love.'

HYMN 85, s. m.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims,
His Godhead from his throne;
‘ Mercy and justice are the names
‘ By which I will be known.
- 2 ‘ Ye dying souls that sit
‘ In darkness and distress,
‘ Look from the borders of the pit
‘ To my recov’ring grace.’
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
‘ Our righteousness and strength is found
‘ In thee, the Lord, alone.’
- 4 In thee shall Isr’el trust,
And see their guilt forgiv’n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav’n.

HYMN 86, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam’s race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I’ll make no more pretence;
No one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?
- 4 Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise ;
Th' obedient sun forbears,
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea ;
Flies on the stormy wind,
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

HYMN 87, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the High and lofty One,
I sit upon my holy throne.
' My name is God ; I dwell on high,
' Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 ' But I descend to worlds below ;
' On earth I have a mansion too,
' The humble spirit and contrite
' Is an abode of my delight.

- 3 ' The humble soul my words revive,
' I bid the mourning sinner live;
' Heal all the broken hearts I find,
' And ease the sorrows of the mind,
- 4 ' When I contend against their sin,
' I make them know how vile they've been,
' But should my wrath for ever smoke,
' Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.

HYMN 88, L. M.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they muſt die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust,
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89, L. M.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

- 4 The veng'ance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities:
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90, c. m.

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know,
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fi'ry test?
I'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

HYMN 91, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead;
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name:
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92, S. M.

- 1 **S**HALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 3 'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,

- ‘ Before the first of all his works,
‘ Creation was begun.
- 3 ‘ Before the flying clouds,
‘ Before the solid land,
‘ Before the fields, before the floods,
‘ I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 ‘ When he adorn’d the skies,
‘ And built them, I was there,
‘ To order when the sun should rise,
‘ And marshal every star.
- 5 ‘ When he pour’d out the sea,
‘ And spread the flowing deep;
‘ I gave the flood a firm decree,
‘ In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 ‘ Upon the empty air
‘ The earth was balanc’d well:
‘ With joy I saw the mansion where
‘ The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 ‘ My busy thoughts at first
‘ On their salvation ran,
‘ Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust
‘ Was fashion’d to a man.
- 8 ‘ Then come, receive my grace,
‘ Ye children, and be wise;
‘ Happy the man that keeps my ways,
‘ The man that shuns them lies.”

HYMN 93, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
‘Bless’d is the man that hears my word,
‘Keeps daily watch before my gates,
‘And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 ‘The soul that seeks me shall obtain
‘Immortal wealth and heav’nly gain;
‘Immortal life is his reward,
‘Life, and the favor of the Lord.
- 3 ‘But the vile wretch that flies from me,
‘Doth his own soul an injury;
‘Fools, that against my grace rebel.
‘Seek death, and love the road to hell.’

HYMN 94, C. M.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm’ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God’s righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95, c. m.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the fons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And terms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96, c. m.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of nobler race,
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace!

- 2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature hath all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97, L. M.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, 'The Lord our righteousness.'
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean,
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness,
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98, s. m.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands, infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain,
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99, C. M.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
The world obey'd and came.

HYMN 100, L. M.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101, L. M.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

HYMN 102, L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;

Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 103, c. m.

- 1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his croſs.
- 2 Jeſus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

HYMN 104, c. m.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor ſtand'ers ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surpriſing grace! And ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,

Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105, C. M.

1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;

None shall obtain admittance there
But follow'rs of the Lamb.

- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN 106, S. M.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107, L. M.

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
2 Death was the threat'ning: Death began
To take possession of the man!

- His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
3 But Satan found a worse reward,
Thus saith the veng'ance of the Lord,
' Let everlasting hatred be
' Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
4 ' The woman's seed shall be my Son ;
' He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
' Shall break thy head, and only feel
' Thy malice raging at his heel.'
5 He spake ; and bid four thousand years
Roll on ;—at length his Son appears ;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
6 Lo, by the fons of hell he dies ;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

HYMN 108, s. m.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,

Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN 109, L. M.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss:
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110, C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hand
Eternal, and on high;

- And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111, c. m.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been?
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,

Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112, c. m.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease
The camp forbore to die.

2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries!

But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113, c. m.

1 **H**OW large the promise! how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
'Supplying all their need.'

3 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same:

Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

HYMN 114, C. M.

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous household meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115, C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terrible I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive fold,
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
• Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
• To love thy Maker and thy God,
• With utmost vigor and delight.

H

- 2 ' Then shall thy neighbour next in place
' Share thine affections and esteem;
' And let thy kindness to thyself
' Measure and rule thy love to him.'
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But O! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117, L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we
The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?
- 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

- 4 What, if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure?
- 5 What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys.
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118, s. m.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But forer veng'ance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119, c. m.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme
The myſ't'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

- 3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Appollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120, C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 4 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm. to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 5 He fought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN 121, C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
‘I’ll be a God to thee;
‘I’ll blefs thy num’rous race, and they
‘Shall be a seed for me.’
- 2 Abra’m believ’d the promis’d grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal’d with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify’d her house,
When she receiv’d the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

HYMN 122, L. M.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury’d with the Lord;
Baptiz’d into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais’d from corruption, guilt, and death!
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123, c. m.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust & wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!
- 2 'I die with hunger here,' he cries;
'I starve in foreign lands;
'My father's house hath large supplies,
'And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
'Fall down before his face;
'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
'Nor can deserve thy grace.'
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

- 6 ' Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father gives command),
' Drefs him in garments white and clean,
' With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 ' A day of feasting I ordain ;
' Let mirth and joy abound :
' My fon was dead, and lives again ;
' Was loft, and now is found.'

HYMN 124, L. M.

- 1 **D**EEP in the duft before thy throne,
Our guilt and our difgrace we own ;
Great God ! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 Adam, the finner ! at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, feiz'd us all ;
A thoufand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our fpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We fing the honors of thy grace,
That fent to fave our ruin'd race.
- 4 We fing thine everlafting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own ;
Adam the fecond, from the duft
Raifes the ruins of the firft.

- 5 By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 125, C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

118 HYMN CXXVI, XXVII. Book I.

- 5 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126, L. M.

- 1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress;
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty wrong:
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN 127, L. M.

- 1 'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
'Ye heavy laden sinners come:
'I'll give you rest from all your toils,
'And raise you to my heav'nly home.

- 2 ' They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 ' I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 ' But passion rages like the sea,
 ' And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 ' Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 ' My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 ' My yoke is easy to his neck,
 ' My grace shall make the burden light.'
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128, L. M.

- 1 ' **G**O preach my Gospel,' saith the Lord ;
 ' Bid the whole earth my grace re-
 ' ceive ;
 ' He shall be fav'd that trusts my word ;
 ' He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 ' I'll make your great commission known,
 ' And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 ' By all the works that I have done,
 ' By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 ' Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 ' Go cast out devils in my name ;
 ' Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 ' Tho' Greeks reproach, & Jews blaspheme.

- 4 ' Teach all the nations my commands ;
' I'm with you till the world shall end ;
' All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
' I can destroy, and can defend.'
5 He spake, and light shone round his head
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode :
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129, L. M.

- 1 **S** AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
2 So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
3 ' Abra'm, forbear,' the angel cry'd ;
' Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
' Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
' Shall the whole earth be blest'd indeed.'
4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamor, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131, L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;

That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 132, L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour-God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,

The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133, c. m.

- 1 **L**ET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue,
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.
- 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good,
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above,

There faith and hope are known no more.
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134, L. M.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brags, an empty sound.
- 2 Where I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor si'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135, L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast,
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do,
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 136, c. m.

- 1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind,
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground,
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere,
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honors giv'n,
He saves from hell, (we blefs his name),
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy,
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138, C. M.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy Gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust,

- If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 139, L M.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace,
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies,
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The Gospel bears my spirits up,
A faithful and unchanging God

Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140, L. M.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace,
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;

Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God,
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

HYMN 141, S. M.

- 1 **W**HO hath believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.
- 5 ' But I'll prolong his days,
' And make his kingdom stand;

- ‘ My pleasure,’ saith the God of grace,
‘ Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 ‘ His joyful soul shall see
‘ The purchase of his pain,
‘ And by his knowledge justify
‘ The guilty sons of men.
- 7 ‘ Ten thousand captive slaves,
‘ Releas’d from death and sin,
‘ Shall quit their prisons and their graves
‘ And own his pow’r divine.
- 8 ‘ Heav’n shall advance my Son
‘ To joys that earth deny’d:
‘ Who saw the follies men had done,
‘ And bore their sins, and dy’d.

HYMN 142, S. M.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand’ring in a diff’rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand’rings laid,
And did at once his veng’ance pour
Upon the Shepherd’s head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain’d the stroke!

His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and his breath
Were taken quite away ;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous feed,
To recompense his pain.

6 ' I'll give him,' saith the Lord,
' A portion with the strong :
' He shall possess a large reward,
' And hold his honors long.'

HYMN 143, c. m.

1 **A**S new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the Gospel taste,
And by the Gospel live.

2 With inward gust their heart approves
All that the world relates,
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.

3 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust ;

They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories,

5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God,'
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144, c. m.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some token of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145, c. m.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more

- Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings bro't,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altars spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
Forever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race:
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ by his own pow'rful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146, L. M.

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadow of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

- 6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!
- 7 Is he a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.
- 8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro'.
- 11 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green;

A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

- 13 Is he design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147, L. M.

- 1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd ray;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most High,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
'Light of the world,' and 'Life of men,'
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And faints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148, S. M.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word.

Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays.

Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most High,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.

His name is call'd
'The word of God,'
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

- 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear their prey.

- 5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
'Light of the world,'
And 'Life of men;'
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

- 6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend,
And brother too,

Divinely kind,

Divinely true.

- 7 At length the Lord the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends:

Then shall the saints

Completely prove

The heights and depths

Of all his love.

HYMN 149, L. M.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

- 2 But O, what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace?
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me!

- 3 The 'Angel of the cov'nant' stands
With his compassion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.

- 4 Great prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came

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Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus my great High-priest has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my conqu'ror, and my king,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

- 11 Aspire my soul, to glorious deeds,
The ' Captain of salvation' leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 12 Should death and hell, & pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

HYMN 150, P. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Communion'd from
 His Father's throne,
 To make his grace
 To mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd,
 And peace with heav'n.
- 5 Be thou my counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide ;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 O let my feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek
 The crooked way
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep

My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set ;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High-priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

9 My advocate appears
For my defence on high :
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.

Not all that hell
Or sin can say
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

- 10 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

- 11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.

- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on.
I shall be safe;
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

H Y M N S.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1, L. M.

- 1 NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.
- 3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honors and our joys.
- 4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave :
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.
- 5 This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand :

- Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards his people's throne
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.
- 7 Raise monumental praises high,
To him that thunders thro' the sky.
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of the God of war.
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Christians, pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2, G. M.

- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;

What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fi'ry coast,
Amongst abominable fiends;
Herself a frightened ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace! that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love?

HYMN 3, c. m.

1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet found,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4, L. M.

1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,

Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence),
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God;
And my best honors to his name.

HYMN 5, L. M.

1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul, [roll
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross:

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;

And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side:

- 3 My passions rise, and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay: and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6, C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praises;

My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:

Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,

And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7, C. M.

1 **D**READ sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise:

Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day

Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,

- But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8, c. m.

- 1 **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;

We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9, c. m.

1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed;
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10, C. M.

1 **M**Y soul forsake her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;

To boundiefs joy and folid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From fin and drofs refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fits to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the fphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-fufficient there,
To make our blifs complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There fits my Saviour, drefs'd in love,
And there my fmiling God.

HYMN 11, L. M.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the fmoother deceitful fea,
And empty as the whiffling wind.

2 Your freams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black defpair;
And whilst I liften'd to your fong,
Your freams had e'en convey'd me there.

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- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyfs;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior blifs.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, & glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12, C. M.

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn,
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes aside,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
'For I myself have dy'd;'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13, L. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame,
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres,
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

- 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
 And lightning burn the globe below,
 Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
 There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN 14, S. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day:
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15, L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be
 Let my religious hours alone: [gone,

- Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 16, Part 2, L. M.

- 7 **L**ORD what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,

And lights our passions to a flame?
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

8 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glorious shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

9 While such a scene of sacred joy
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employ,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light,
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

11 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN 17, c. m.

1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, & leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,

And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look! how old they grow
And wait the fi'ry doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 18, L. M.

1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,

And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 'Go,' saith the Lord, * 'my Gabriel, go,
'Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb;
'Make haste, † ye cherubs, down below,
'Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.'

3 Here a bright squadron ‡ leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies, [hands.
And breaks the chains from Peter's ||

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants. † Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 19, c. m.

1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.
|| Acts xii. 7. † Heb. i. 14.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 He spoke, and straight our hearts & brains
In all their motion rose ;
' Let blood,' said he, ' flow round the veins,'
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 20, c. m.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ;
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night ?

- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 When I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;

Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 21, L. M.

1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulph where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and veng'ance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood.
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honors giv'n;

Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN 22, L. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fir's bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel-angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor thro',
And weighty veng'ance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
' With endless burnings who can dwell,
' Or bear the fury of a God !'
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, blest'd saints that love him too,
With rev'ence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23, L. M.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,

- And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill
And spread the triumph of their King!
When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

HYMN 24, L. M.

- 1 WHEN the great builder arch'd the skies
And form'd all nature with a word,

- The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, fate,
Amongst the morning stars he * sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
'Son of the morning,† from the skies!'
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- 5 So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labor of a God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief:
O! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;

* Job xxxvii. 7. † Isaiah xiv. 12.

Thine everlasting arm we sing :
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25, C. M.

- 1 MY drowfy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live?
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our soul shall rise;

With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O'tis beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half-way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The Great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his feat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above,
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27, L. M.

- 1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name!
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light furrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O, ye fi'ry flames declare
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array:
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel this burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame,
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from blifs.
- 7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What dreadful jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!
- 8 Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host;
You that beheld the sinking foe:

Firmly ye stood when they were lost,
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.

- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 28, c. m.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to
Converse awhile with death: [rise;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?

Oh, for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust:
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29, C. M.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints that feel his grace.

HYMN 30, S. M.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place:
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad,

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 31, L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy, [are !
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd,

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What change of veng'ance should we feel
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33, c. m.

1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above :
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

- 7 But, O, what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile!
- 8 Jesus! O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

HYMN 34, c. m.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35, C. M.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne,
All glory to th' United Three,
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound,
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36, S. M.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,

To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fi'ry veng'ance now,
No burning wrath comes down
If justice calls for sinners' blood
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
'Hosanna to the God of grace,
'That lays his thunder by.

6 'On earth thy mercy reigns,
'And triumphs all above:'
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

HYMN 37, c. m.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.
- 4 Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 Ten thousand praises to the King,
'Hosanna in the High'st!'
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

HYMN 38, C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39, C. M.

- 1 **O**UR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;

- 1 'Evil and few *,' the patriarch says;
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round,
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40, C. M.

- 1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands!
Ev'en when he hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd;
* Gen. xlvii. 9.

I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41, L. M.

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll;
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All! Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,

And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42, c. m.

- 1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand !
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand !
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upwards to the skies,
And tunes his warbling throat :
- 3 And we when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues ;
Or, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate :
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove ;

Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.

HYMN 43, L. M.

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.
- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;

See what immortal glories fit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains!

HYMN 44, L. M.

- 1 WITH holy fear and humble song
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'ence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of veng'ance there.
- 3 Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And dar'st' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands,
In vain the rebel strives to rise, [hands.
Crush'd with the weight of both thy
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;

N

Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45, L. M.

- 1 **T**HY favors, Lord, surprise our souls!
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downwards thus:
2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs,
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine?
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46, L. M.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar;
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;

His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs,
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform!
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden-harps thy praise.

HYMN 47, L. M.

1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue:

Hofanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace,
Gcd, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48, C. M.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!

Each pleasure hath its poison too;
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light,
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49, c. m.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there,
We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;

And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50, L. M.

1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But O! it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move,
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;

I'd rather have it there imprefs'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51, L. M.

1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand,
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And veng'ance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;

But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparifon with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jefus, array'd in flefh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 There glory fhines with equal beams,
Their effence is for ever one:
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Chrift our King
With equal honors be ador'd;
His praife let ev'ry angel fing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN 52, G. M.

1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To thofe that have no God,
When the poor foul is forc'd away
To feek her laft abode.

2 In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the ſkies
To darknefs, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let ſtubborn finners fear:

You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
Along for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53, c. m.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land:

Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet:
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey,
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray!
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road:
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'lers home!

- 0 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- 1 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.
- 2 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54, c. m.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens round me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am his!'

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 55, C. M.

1 **T**HESE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave,
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found of God.

HYMN 56, c. m.

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.

They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own,
But death comes hast'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57, L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea
Their minds have heav'n & peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.
While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58, c. m.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, 'They're here;'
But only say, 'They're past.'
Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh,
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59, c. m.

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see 't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

- 4 A blooming Paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shews;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.
- 7 But, ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise!
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes.
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN 60, L. M. *used T*

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that found
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

HYMN 61, c. m.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then should we see the faints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load:
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62, c. m.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts;
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fir'y streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea
And fling his wrath abroad!

- 5 What shall the wretched sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63, c. m.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
'Ye living men, come view the ground
'Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 'Princes this clay must be your bed,
'In spite of all your tow'rs;
'The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
'Must lie as low as ours.'
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64, L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
The holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall the deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell;
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks build around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65, c. m.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66, c. m.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67, c. m.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages flood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 68, C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

- 4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in,
 With wonder, and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
 Th' adoring armies fall;
 With joy they shrink to nothing there,
 Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host
 In duty and in bliss;
 While less than nothing I could boast,
 And vanity * confess.
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69, c. m.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

* Isaiah xl. 17.

- 3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
'For wretched dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please;
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, 'Let the wide heav'n be spread,'
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
'Abra'm, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.
- 8 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!

I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN 70, L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky:
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!

Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.
What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.
O, for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

HYMN 71, c. m.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their King.
'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;

We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN 72, c. m.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawn-
Beheld our rising God; [ing rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;

The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

HYMN 73, c. m.

1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be
And leave me to my joys : [gone,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darknefs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine !

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain ;

One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74, S. M.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace! these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh. [stone,
- 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,

And hourly, as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 73, C. M.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest'd abode;

P

Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 76, C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honors in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise:

Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 77, L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'ers wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78, c. m.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus. take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thy honor shall for ever be
The business of our days,

For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79, C. M.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curst projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

8 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 80, s. m.

1 O H! the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God!
Who love to speak thy praise:

- Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81, C. M.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more:

Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms,
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN 82, c. m.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, with joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;

Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83, c. m.

1 **T**HUS saith the ruler of the skies,
‘Awake, my dreadful sword;
‘Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
‘My fellow,’ saith the Lord.

2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with veng'ance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high;
Let ev'ry nation sing,

And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 84, S. M.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh;
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.
- 4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.
- 5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;

For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And blest his saints and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85, C. M.

1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell:

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;

Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86, G. M.

1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace,

Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be,
The close of ev'ry song.

HYMN 87, C. M.

- 1 **H**OW wond'rous great, how glorious
Must our Creator be, [bright,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
T'ward the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!

- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more!

- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;

234 HYMN LXXXVIII, IX. Book II.

In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

- 6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

HYMN 88, c. m.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89, c. m.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescue'd sheep;

But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!

Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run,

And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90, c. m.

1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep its stains?

And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;

'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;

I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;

Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

HYMN 91, c. m.

1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,

- And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
- 7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!
- 9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fi'ry chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 92, C. M.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;

Q

- The earth and skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God! our souls admire;
Thee, our glad voices sing;
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.
- 5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r:
Come, let us with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93, s. m.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smiles of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me high'r.

HYMN 94, C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

- And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces, and thy self,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95, C. M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

- 2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore!
 When knotty whips and rugged thorns
 His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and rugged thorns
 In vain do I accuse:
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews:
- 4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were,
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twas you that pull'd the veng'ance down
 Upon his guiltless head;
 Break, break, my heart! O, burst mine eyes,
 And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undisssembled woe.

HYMN 96, c. M.

- 1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,
 The rebel-angels fell,
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

3 O, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heav'n's eternal darling die
To save a trait'rous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

5 O, for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues,
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97, L. M.

1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them
down;

But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN 98, c. m.

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits,
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99, C. M.

1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.

4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays,
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The follow'rs of the Lamb!

HYMN 100, L. M.

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, 'depart.'
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage
Where shall I fly, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or mine eyes.
- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.
- 9 My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd
Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.

HYMN 101, C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

- 2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls!
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN 102, L. M.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my fame anew
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred nothing, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come:
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay?
- 4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God hath shed his richest grace.
- 5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

HYMN 103, c. m.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The ven'gance of a God;
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, finners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104, s. m.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyfs of woes.

- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls,
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105, c m.

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebell?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning veng'ance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

- 3 Almighty goodness cries, 'Forbear;
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106, C. M.

- 1 OH if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the curst tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed:
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN 107, c. m.

1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come.
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "depart!"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul assunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?

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- 5 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove.
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands?
- 8 Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

HYMN 108, c. m.

- COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And veng'ance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN 109, L. M.

1 **L** OLD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
 We sail by faith and not by fight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Thro' all the briars, and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110, S. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
 Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love :
We would adore his grace below !
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN III, c. m.

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne :
Come, let us own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd ;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd at his breath ;
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
 To vex our happy land :
 Jehovah's name is our defence,
 Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 Long may the King our sov'reign live,
 To rule us by his word :
 And all the honors he can give
 Be offer'd to the Lord.

HYMN 112, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
 Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
 Angels, in all their robes of light;
 Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
 And swift as flames of fire they move,
 To manage his affairs of state,
 In works of veng'ance and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts;
 Legions descend at his command,
 To shield and guard our coasts,
 When foreign rage invades the land.
- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
 Up to the gates of thine abode,
 Through all the dangers that we meet
 In travelling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come;
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113, c. m.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold,
The servants waiting round the throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as wind,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears;
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears,
T'allay his agonies.
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions giv'n:
They wait upon his saints, and bring,
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
 To see a sinner turn;
 Then Satan, has a captive lost,
 And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
 When he his angels sends
 Obstinate rebels to destroy,
 And gather in his friends.
- 8 O! could I say without a doubt,
 There shall my soul be found;
 Then let the great archangel shout,
 And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114, c. m.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wond'rous death;
 He conquer'd when he fell;
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd,' our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done;
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When thro' the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord:
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The veng'ance or reward.

The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115, c. m.

1 **H**IGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods. that awful name!
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on veng'ance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

- 5 Ye judges of the earth be wise,
 And think of heaven with fear;
 The meanest saint that you despise
 Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116, C. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From mine exalted head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be forever thine;
 What'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.

- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call,
 I love my God with zeal so great
 That I should give him all.

HYMN 117, L. M.

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
 My life expires if thou depart;
 Be thou, my heart still near my God,
 And thou, my God, be near my heart.

I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile :
Yet I will stay my Father's time.
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.

Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath ;
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118, L. M.

1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries :
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high :
Behold he lays his veng'ance by :
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice :
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

HYMN 119, C. M.

1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face.
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated waters flow
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O ! may thy counsels, mighty God !
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120, S. M.

1. **T**HE Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fi'ry law.

The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the Gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands:
The pity of his melting heart,
And veng'ance of his hands.

Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood:
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.

We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121, C. M.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe,
 But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shews how vile our hearts have been
 Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that falls but once!
 But in the gospel Christ appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law;
 Fly to the hope the Gospel gives:
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 122, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour go?

Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone,
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 123, L. M.

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r,
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the Gospel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124, c. m.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's vonder side
The tribes of Isr'el stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

Isr'el rejoice, now Joshua* leads!
 He'll bring your tribes to rest;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The Ruler and the Priest.

HYMN 125, L. M.

1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are giv'n
 To souls that mourn the sins they've
 done;

Children of wrath, made heirs of heav'n
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double veng'ance dies.

HYMN 126, C M.

1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
 Invites his children near;
 While pow'r, and truth, & boundless love,
 Display their glories here.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies a
 Saviour.

- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace,
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127, L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love,
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And nor forbids their infant-race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God,
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry faint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice,
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

HYMN 128, C. M.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence
Adam our Father stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore:
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
 Upon our inward parts,
 And let the second Adam draw
 His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129, L. M.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
 Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear,
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through.
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
 Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God,
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130, C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth his own glories shew:
 Behold, I sit upon my throne,
 Creating all things new.

- 2 ' Nature and sin are pass'd away,
' And the old Adam dies;
' My hands a new foundation lay;
' See the new world arise!
- 3 ' I'll be a son of righteousness,
' To the new heav'n's I make;
' None but the new-born heirs of grace
' My glories shall partake.
- 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin:
O, make my soul alive to thee;
Create new pow'rs within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh,
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131, L. M.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

- 2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon,
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132, c. m.

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our high-priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his Almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways!
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133, L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day,
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys,
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134, C. M.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
'I will the God of Abra'm be,
'And of his num'rous race.'
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke,
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise;
His promises endure:
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135, L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd:
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head:
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN 136, L. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The Infant-Saviour to proclaim,
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

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- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn,
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137, L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the heart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning flood;
He rises and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence, and forever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138, L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The Gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew;
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139, L. M.

- 1 **M**Y dear redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy father's will;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the follow'rs of the Lamb.

HYMN 140, C. M.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

HYMN 141, C. M.

1 **M**Y Saviour God, my Sov'reign-Prince,
Reigns far above the skies!
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word:
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142, s. m.

1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143, C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN 144, L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north :
' Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
' Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.'
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdued ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 145, C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

HYMN 146, L. M.

1 **M**AN hath a soul of vast desires.
He burns within with restless fires,
Tost to and fro his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

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HYMN 147, C. M.

- 1 'NOW let a spacious world arise,'
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high,
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' sov'reign of the rest;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood,
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148, c. m.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find,
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149, c. m.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

- 3 The crowns of Zion's princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the people blest'd.
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150, C. M.

- 1 SIN hath a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind,
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives,
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

- 4 Soon a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food,
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151, L. M.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word,
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they
wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought,
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word. and must endure.

HYMN 152, c. m.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,

Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight!

4 Behold the blest'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 153, c. m.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood:

The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the phyfician God.

2 Our beauty and our ftrength are fled,
And we draw near to death,
But Chrift the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

2 Madnefs by nature reigns within,
The paffions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with fkill divine
The inward fire affuage.

4 We lick the duft, we grasp the wind,
And folid good defpife:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jefus makes us wife.

5 We give our fouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruft with fury down to hell,
But heav'n prevents the fall.

6 The man poffefs'd among the tombs
Cuts his own flefh and cries!
He foams and raves till Jefus comes,
And the foul fpirit flies.

HYMN 154, L. M.

1 'WHERE are the mourners,* faith the
Lord,

'That wait and tremble at my word?

* Ifaiah l. 10, 11.

- ‘ That walk in darknefs all the day ?
 ‘ Come, make my name your trust and ftay.
 2 ‘ No works nor duties of your own
 ‘ Can for the fmalleft fin atone,
 ‘ * The robes that nature may provide,
 ‘ Will not your leaft pollutions hide.
 3 ‘ The foftest couch that nature knows
 ‘ Can give the confcience no repofe :
 ‘ Look to my righteoufnefs, and live :
 ‘ Comfort and peace are mine to give.
 4 ‘ Ye fons of pride, that kindle coals
 ‘ With your own hands to warm your fouls,
 ‘ Walk in the light of your own fire,
 ‘ Eenjoy the sparks that ye defire :
 5 ‘ This is your portion at my hands,
 ‘ Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
 ‘ Ye fhall lie down in forrow there,
 ‘ In death, in darknefs, and defpair.’

HYMN 155, c. m.

- 1 **L**O, the deftroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh’s ftubborn land !
 The pride and flow’r of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.
 2 He pafs’d the tents of Jacob o’er,
 Nor pour’d the wrath divine,
 * Ifaiah xxviii. 20.

- He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And blest'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke,
Thus Ifr'el is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156, c. m.

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath,
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wild extremes,
Presumption, or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, 'How easy 'tis
'To walk the road to heav'n!'

Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
' They cannot be forgiv'n.'

4 He bids young sinners, ' Yet forbear
' To think of God or death:
' For prayer and devotion are
' But melancholly breath.'

5 He tells the aged, ' They must die;
' And 'tis too late to pray;
' In vain for mercy now they cry,
' For they have lost their day.'

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

4 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157, c. m.

1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
Resist, and he'll be gone;

Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158, L. M.

1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow'r path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;

Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159, c. M

- 1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace:
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.
- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,

To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160, L. M.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine,
I would be form'd anew, and blest
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161, C. M.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,

Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence
(That vile idolatry),
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 163, c. m.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in One,

And strong affections fix my fight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart,
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are !
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare.

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163, c. M.

1 **D**EAR Lord ! behold our sore distress,
Our sins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep :
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair ?
Shall our petitions die ?

Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood,
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164, c. m.

1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,

U

The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165, G. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain,
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain.
- 3 My dear Almighty and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;

Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 166, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees,

- Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.
- 6 Sinners before his presence die :
How holy is his name !
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King !
Speak some forgiving word,
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167, L. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne,
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows !
If he commands, who dare oppose ?

With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high, beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy,
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light,
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands,
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

- 10 O, tell me with a gentle voice,
 'Thou art my God,' and I'll rejoice!
 Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
 The brightest honors of thy name.

HYMN 168, L. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty!
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
 His justice guards his holy law;
 His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 'Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs;
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
 The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 Then let my songs with angels join,
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN 169, P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty;

His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend?'
I love his name!
I love his word;
Join, all my pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN 170, L. M.

- 1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find*
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.
- 4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 † He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:

* Job xi. 7, &c.

† Job xxv. 5.

- * The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xxvi. 11, &c.



H Y M N S.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1, L. M.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest'd and break,
What love thro' all his actions ran! [spake!
What wond'rous words of grace he
- 3 ' This is my body, broke for sin,
' Receive and eat the living food ;'
Then took the cup and blest'd the wine ;
' 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy veng'ance in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 'Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
'In mem'ry of your dying friend;
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'
- 7 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 2, s. m.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gave his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN 3, c. m.

- 1 **T**HE promise of my Father's love
'Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning
And glory, shall be mine; [grace,
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs, are thine.

- 4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who blest'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.
- 7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5, c. m.

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

- 3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies :
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
- 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come ;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN 6, L. M.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

HYMN 7, L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it! Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 8, c. m.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

- 4 Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.
- 5 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.
- 6 New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.
- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9, S. M.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
- 4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our priest, atones,
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;

And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin;
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.

HYMN 10, L. M.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And ev'ry labor of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and veng'ance strangely join,

Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd, and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11, c. m.

1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
'And my Beloved's mine.'

3 'Here,' (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That open'd when I dy'd!'

4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:

‘ All this,’ says he, ‘ I bore for thee ;’
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heav’nly King,
For grace so vast as this ?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 Let such amazing love as these,
Be founded all abroad ;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him that wash’d us in his blood
Be everlasting praise ;
Salvation, honor, glory, pow’r,
Eternal as his days.

HYMN 12, L. M.

1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish’d from above !
The fruits of life o’erspread the board,
The cup o’erflows with heav’nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh !

- But at the Gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.
- 5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God?
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.

HYMN 13, c. m.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;

Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
‘ Lord, why was I a guest ?

4 ‘ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
‘ And enter while there’s room ;
‘ When thousands make a wretched choice,
‘ And rather starve than come ?’

5 ‘Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc’d us in ;
Else we had still refus’d to taste,
And perish’d in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN 14, L. M.

1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac’d our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,

- And wish to die as Simeon wou'd,
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light; our morning-star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown!
The glory of thine Isr'el here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN 15, c. m.

- 1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest'd the food and sung!
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly blest'd was he

- That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
'Come, my beloved, eat,' he cries;
'And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 'My flesh is food and phyfic too,
'A balm for all your pains:
'And the red streams of pardon flow
'From these my pierced veins.'
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

HYMN 16, c. m.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;

- Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!
- 5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, & wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17, s. m.

- 1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.
- 3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had Adam fought,
And search'd his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.
- 5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

- 7 Come, all ye drooping faints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
- 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high't.

HYMN 18, L. M.

- 1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet:
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread, we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head:
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

- 5 Joy to the master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever blest :
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hofanna round the place.

HYMN 19, L. M.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast,
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And sing their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20, C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For ev'ry willing guest.

- 2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine:
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21, c. m.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.
- 3 Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!
- 5 ' For you, the children of my love,
' It was for you I dy'd;
' Behold my hands, behold my feet,
' And look into my side.
- 6 ' These are the wounds for you I bore,
' The tokens of my pains,
' When I came down to free your souls
' From misery and chains.
- 7 ' Justice unsheath'd its fi'ry sword,
' And plung'd it in my heart;
' Infinite pangs for you I bore,
' And most tormenting smart.
- 8 ' When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
' Stood dreadful in my way,

- ‘To rescue those dear lives of yours,
‘I gave my own away.
- 9 ‘But while I bled, and groan’d, and dy’d,
‘I ruin’d Satan’s throne;
‘High on my cross I hung, and spy’d,
‘The monster tumbling down.
- 10 ‘Now you must triumph at my feast,
‘And taste my flesh, my blood;
‘And live eternal ages blest’d,
‘For ’tis immortal food.’
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22, L. M.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t’adore the Lamb;
O, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav’n resigns his breath,

And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full veng'ance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.

4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly
blood;
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God!

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23, c. m.

1 **S**ITTING round our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinners-view th' atonement made,
And love's the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O! 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24, C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky,
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.
- 5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast,
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.

HYMN 25, c. M.

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite,

- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy :
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to fight,
Let sin for ever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 26, 1st L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,

That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27, 1st c. m.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And blest the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28, 1st s. m.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye faints, employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell & death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN 29, 2d L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name hath mysteries unknown,
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
The honors of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath thy praise.

HYMN 30, 2d c. m.

1. **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd
 Who calls our souls from death;
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31, 2d s. m.

1. **L**ET God the Maker's name
 Have honor, love, and fear;
 To God the Saviour pay the same,
 And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of light above,
 Thy mercy we adore,
 The Son of thine eternal love,
 And Spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN 32, 3d l. m.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
 By all on earth, or all in heav'n.

HYMN 33. *Or thus:*

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN 34, 3d c. m.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. *Or thus:*

HONOR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

HYMN 36, 3d s. m.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And blest the Spirit too.

HYMN 37. *Or thus:*

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honor done.

HYMN 38. *The 1st as Psdlm cxlviii.*

- 1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,

The undivided Three
And the myſterious One:
Where reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN 39. *The 2d as Psalm cxlvi.*

1 TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endleſs praiſe
And glory due.

2 The Father's love ſhall run
Thro our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues:
Our lips addreſs
The Spirit's name
With equal praiſe,
And zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One;

Thus heav'n shall raise
His honors high.
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN 40. *The 3d as Psalm. cxlviii.*

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

HYMN 41. *Or thus:*

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in one,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praise be giv'n;
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

*The HOSANNA: or, Salvation ascribed to
Christ.*

HYMN 42, L. M.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;

We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

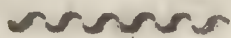
HYMN 43, c. m.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of grace:
Sion, behold thy king;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.
- 2 Hoſanna to the Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came:
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord
With bleſſings on his name.

HYMN 44, s. m.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Chriſt the anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glories ſing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN 45, *As Psalm 148.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood:
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honors lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honors rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him blest.
- 

(1234711)

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Ye saints, how lovely is the place	a	38
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young	a	89
Ye that obey th' immortal King	a	34
Z.		
ZION rejoice, and Judah sing	b	111

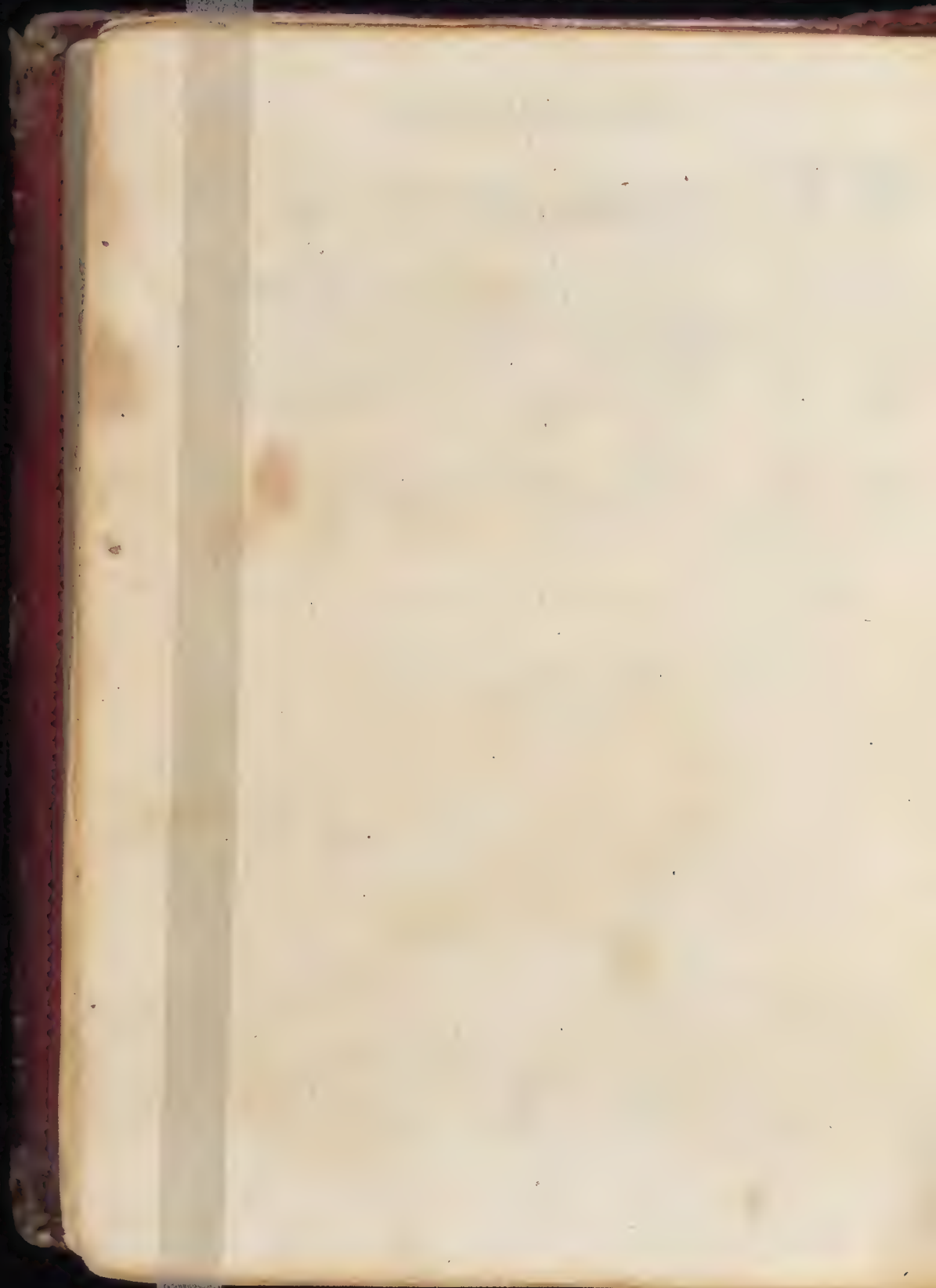
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